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BROKEN JOYS.

BY WILFRED WOOLLAM.

I heard a child go singing down the street,
Merrily came the trill;
When suddenly stopped the sound of her little feet,
And the voice was still.

Someone's sharp anger broke upon her song,
Chilling her with the shock;
Her joy was dashed, as waves, that ripple along,
Are dashed upon the rock.

O Life, what hopes, what love-dreams and delights,
That men chant as they go,
Like that child's song, are stopped in sudden frights,
Never again to flow!

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE NOURN IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"DO YOU FIND the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"We find the prisoner guilty, my lord."

A curious little thrill of emotion—half sigh, half sob—ran through the crowded court. Even the most callous, the most world-hardened, of human beings cannot hear unmoved the verdict which condemns a fellow-creature to a shameful and terrible death.

The spectators of Andrew Westwood's trial for the murder of Sydney Vane had expected, had predicted, the result; yet it came with the force of a shock to their excited nerves.

The attention of the patient sitters with whom the seats were closely packed had been strained to the uttermost; the faces of many were white and weary, or flushed with excitement and fatigue.

The short absence of the jurymen had only strung their nerves to a higher pitch; and the slight murmur that passed through the heavy air when the verdict was made known showed the tension which had been reached.

The prisoner was well known in the locality, and so also had been his victim. This fact accounted for the crowding of the court by friends and acquaintances of the man murdered and his murderer, and for the breathless interest with which every step of the legal process had been followed.

Apart from this, the case had excited much attention all over England; the papers had been filled with its details, and a good deal of discussion on the laws of circumstantial evidence had arisen during its course.

Not that there could be any reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. True, nobody had seen him commit the crime. But he was a poacher of evil character and violent disposition; he had been sent to gaol for snaring rabbits by Mr. Vane, and had repeatedly vowed vengeance upon him; there was a presumption against him from the very first.

Then one evening he had been seen lurking about a covert near which Mr. Vane passed shortly afterwards; shots were heard by passers-by, and Mr. Vane was discovered lying amongst the springing bracken in the depths of a shadowy copse, shot through the heart.

A scrap of rough tweed found in the dead man's hand was said to correspond with a torn corner of Westwood's coat, and the murder was supposed to have been committed by the poacher with a gun which was afterwards found in Westwood's cottage.

Several persons testified that they had seen Andrew issuing from the copse or walking along the neighboring road before or after the hour when Mr. Vane met with his fate, that he had his gun in his hand, that his demeanor was strange, and that his clothes seemed to have been torn in a scuffle.

Little by little the evidence accumulated against him until it proved irresistible. Facts which seemed small in themselves became large and black and charged with damnatory significance in the lawyers' hands. The best legal talent of the country was used with crushing effect against poor Andrew Westwood. Sydney Vane had been a popular man; he belonged to a well-known county family, and had left a widow and child.

His friends would have moved heaven and earth to bring his murderer to justice. After all—as was said later—the man Westwood never had a chance. What availed his steady sullen denial against the mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated against him? The rope was round his neck from the time when the first morsel of cloth was found clasped close in the dead man's hand.

If there had been a moment when the hearts of his enemies were softened, when a throb of pity was felt even by Sydney Vane's elder brother, the implacable old General who had vowed that he would pursue Andrew Westwood to the death, it was when the prisoner's little daughter had been put into the witness-box to give evidence against her father. Every one felt that the moment was terrible, the situation almost unbearable.

The child was eleven years old, a brown, thin, frightened-looking little creature, with unnaturally large dark eyes and masses of thick dark hair. Her appearance evidently agitated the prisoner. He looked at her with an expression of anguish, and wrung his gaunt nervous hands together with a groan that haunted for many a long year the memories of those who heard it.

The child's dilated black eyes fixed themselves upon him, and her lips, drawn back a little from her teeth, turned ashy white. No one who saw her pathetic little face could feel anything but compassion for her, and a wish to spare her as much as possible.

The counsel certainly wished to spare her. Only one or two questions were to be asked, and these were not of great importance; but at the very outset a difficulty occurred. She was small for her age, and the judge chose to ask whether she was aware of the nature of an oath. He got no answer but a frightened stare.

A few more questions plainly revealed a state of extraordinary ignorance on the child's part. Did she know who made her? No. Had she heard of God? No. Did she attach any meaning to the words "heaven" or "hell"? Not in the very least. By her own showing, Andrew Westwood's little daughter was no better than a heathen.

The judge decided that her evidence need not be taken, and made a severe remark about the unwisdom of bringing so young and untaught a witness into court, especially when—as appeared to him—the child was of feeble intellect and weakly constitution.

It was murmured in reply that the girl had previously shown herself quick-witted and ready of tongue, and that it was only since the shock of her father's arrest that she had lapsed into her present state of apparent semi-imbecility.

No further attempt was made however to bring her forward; and little Jenny Westwood, as she was usually called, on stepping down from the box was bidden to go away, as the court in which her father was being tried for his life was no place for her.

But she did not go. She shrank into a corner, and waited until the Court rose that day. In the morning she came again, resisting all efforts made by some kindly country-women to take her away to their own homes.

She did not speak, but struggled out of their hands with so wild a look in her great black eyes that they shrank back from her aghast, whispering to each other that she was sure "not right in the head," and perhaps they had better leave her alone.

They made her sit beside them, and tried to persuade her to share the food that they had brought to eat in the middle of the day but they did not succeed in their kindly efforts. The child seemed stupefied; she had a blind look, and did not respond when spoken to.

She heard the foreman declare the finding of the jury—"Guilty, my lord," but she hardly knew at the moment what was meant. Then came the usual question, Had the prisoner anything to say? Was there any defence which even now he desired to urge, any plea in mitigation of his crime?

Andrew Westwood raised his head. He had a sullen defiant countenance; his wild dark eyes, the shock of black hair tumbled across his lowering brows, his rugged features, had told against him in popular estimation and given him a ruffianly aspect in the eyes of the crowd; and yet, when he stood up and with a sudden rough gesture tossed the hair back from his brows and faced the judge with a look of unflinching resolution, it was felt that the man possessed a rude dignity which compelled something very like admiration.

Courage always commands respect, and, whatever his faults, his vices, his crimes might be, Andrew Westwood was a courageous man. He gripped the rail of the dock before him with both hands, and gave a quick look round the court before he spoke. His face was a little paler than usual, but his strong hard voice did not falter.

"I have only to say what I said before. I take God to witness that I am innocent of this murder, and I pray that He'll punish the man that did kill Mr. Vane and left me to bear the burden of his crime! That's all I have to say, my lord. You may hang me if you like—I swear that I never killed him; and I curse the hand that did!"

The hard defiant tone of his speech effectually dissipated the momentary sympathy felt for him by his audience. The judge sternly cut him short, and said a few solemn words on the heinousness of his offence and the impenitence which he had evinced. Then came the tragic conclusion of the scene.

It had grown late; lights were brought in and placed before the judge, upon whose scarlet robes and pale agitated face they flickered strangely in the draught from an open window at the back of the court-house.

The greater part of the building was in shadow; here and there a chance ray of light rested on one or two in a row of raised faces, and threw some insignificant countenance into startling temporary distinctness.

A breathless hush pervaded the whole room. Every eye was fixed on the central figures of the scene—on the criminal as he stood with hands still grasping the side of the dock, his head defiantly raised, his shoulders braced as if to support a blow; on the judge, whose pale features quivered with emotion as he donned the black cap and uttered the fatal words which condemned Andrew Westwood to meet death.

"And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

The words were scarcely spoken before a loud scream rang through the hall. Westwood turned round sharply; his eyes roved anxiously over the throng of faces and seemed to pierce the gloom that had gathered about the benches in the background.

He saw a little group of persons gathered about the body of a child whom they were carrying into the fresh air. It was his own little daughter who had cried out and fainted at the sound of those fateful words.

The prisoner was instantly removed by two warders; but it was noted that before he left the dock he threw up his hands as if in a wild gesture of supplication to the heavens that would not hear.

He made eager inquiries of the warders as to the welfare of his child; and it was perhaps owing to the compassion of one of them that the chaplain came to him an hour later in his cell with news of her. She was better, she was in the hands of kindly women who would take care of her, and she would come to see her father by-and-by. A convulsive twitch passed over Andrew's face.

"No, no," he said; "I don't want to see her. What good would that do?"

The chaplain, a kindly man whose sensibilities were not yet blunted by the painful scenes through which he had constantly to pass, uttered a word of remonstrance.

"Surely," he said, "you would like to see her again? She seems to love you dearly."

"I'm not saying that I don't love her myself," said the man, turning away his face. Then, after a moment's pause, and in a stifled voice—"She's dearer to me than the apple of my eye. And that's where the sting is. I'm to go out of the world, it seems, with a blot on my name, and she'll never know who put it there."

"If you saw her yourself——"

"Nay," said Westwood resolutely—"I won't see her again. She'd remember me all her life then, and she'd better forget. You're a good man, sir, and a kind—couldn't you take her away somewhere out of hearing of all this commotion, to some place where they would not know her father's story, and where she'd never hear whether he was alive or dead?"

The chaplain shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Westwood," he said compassionately. "I know of no place where she would be safe from gossip."

"She will hear my story wherever she goes, I suppose you mean," said Westwood wearily. "Ah, well, she will learn to bear it in time, poor little soul!"

The chaplain looked at him curiously. There was more sincerity of tone, less cant and affectation, in this man than in any criminal he had ever known.

"I suppose, sir," said the prisoner, after a short silence, during which he sat with his eyes fixed on the floor—"I suppose there is no chance of a reprieve—of the sentence being commuted?"

"I'm afraid not, Westwood. And you must let me say that your own conduct during the trial makes it more improbable that any commutation of the sentence should be obtained. If, my man, you could have shown any penitence—if you had confessed your crime——"

"The crime that I never committed?" said Westwood, with a flash of his sullen dark eyes. "Ah, you all speak alike! It's the same story—'Confess—repent.' I may have plenty to confess and to repent of, but not this, for I never murdered Sydney Vane."

The chaplain shook his head.

"I am sorry that you persist in your story," he said sadly. "I had hoped that you would come to a better mind."

"Do you want me to go into eternity with a lie on my lips?" asked Westwood fierce-

ly. "I tell you that I am speaking the truth now. My coat was torn by a briar; I fired my gun at a crow as I went over the fields to my cottage. I saw a man go into the copse after Mr. Vane just as I came out. Find him, if you want to know who killed Mr. Vane."

"You have told us the same story before," said the chaplain, in a discouraged tone. "For your own sake, Westwood, I wish I could believe it. Who was the man? What was he like? Where did he go? Unless those questions are answered, it is impossible that your story should be believed."

"I can't answer them," said Westwood, in a sullen tone. "I did not know the man, and I did not look at him. All I know is that he has murdered me as well as Mr. Vane, and blasted the life of my innocent child. And I shall pray God night and morning as long as the breath is in my body to punish him and bring shame and sorrow on himself and all that he loves, as he has brought shame and sorrow on me and mine."

Then he turned his face to the wall and would say no more.

CHAPTER II.

BEECHFIELD HALL was the name of the old manor-house in which the Vanes had lived for many generations. The present head of the family, General Richard Vane, was a man of fifty-five, a childless widower, whose interests centered in the management of his estate and the welfare of his brother Sydney and Sydney's wife and child.

In the natural course of events, Sydney would eventually have succeeded to the property.

It had always been a matter of regret to the General that neither he nor his brother had a son; and, when Sydney's life was prematurely cut short, the General's real grief for his brother's loss was deepened and embittered by the thought that the last chance of an heir was gone, and that the family name—one of the most ancient in the country—would soon become extinct; for a daughter did not count in the General's meditations.

It did not occur to his mind as within the limits of possibility that he himself should marry again.

He had always hoped that Sydney—twenty years younger than himself and the husband of a fair and blooming wife—would have a son to bear his name. Hitherto the Sidney Vanes had been unfortunate in their offspring.

Of five beautiful children only one had lived beyond the first few months of babyhood—and that one was a girl! But father, mother, and uncle had gone on hoping for better things.

Now it seemed likely that little Enid, the nine-year-old daughter, would be the last of the Vanes, and that with the General the name of the family would finally die out.

Beechfield Hall had long been known as one of the pleasantest houses in the country. It was a large red-brick, comfortable-looking mansion, made picturesque by a background of lofty trees and by the ivy and Virginia creeper and clematis in which it was embowered, rather than by the style of its architecture.

Along the front of the building ran a wide terrace with stone balustrades and flights of steps at either end leading to the flower-garden, which sloped down to an ornamental piece of water fed by springs from the rich meadow-land beyond.

This terrace and the exquisitely-kept garden gave the house a stateliness of aspect which it would have lost if severed from its surroundings; but the General was proud of every stick and stone about the place, and could never be brought to see that its beauty existed chiefly in his own fond imagination.

Whether Beechfield Hall was beautiful or not, however, mattered little to the county squires and their families, to whom it had been for many years a centre of life and gaiety.

The General and his brother were hunting-men; they had a capital stud, and were always ready to give their friends a mount in the hunting season.

They preserved strictly, and could offer good shooting and good fishing to their neighbors; and they were liberal of such offers—they were generous and hospitable in every sense of the word.

Mrs. Sidney Vane was of a similar disposition.

Her dances, her dinners, her garden-parties, were said to be the most enjoyable in the county.

She was young and pretty, vivacious and agreeable, as fond of society as her husband and her brother-in-law, always ready to fill her house with guests, to make up a party or organize a pic-nic, adored by all young people in the neighborhood, the chosen friend and confidante of half the older ones.

And now the innocent mirth and cordial hospitality of Beechfield Hall had come to an untimely end.

Poor Sidney Vane was laid to rest in the little green churchyard behind the woodland slope which fronted the terrace and the lawn.

His wife, prostrated by the shock of his death, had never left her room since the news of it was brought to her; his brother, the genial and warm-hearted General, looked for the first time like a feeble old man, and seemed almost beside himself. Even little Enid was pale and frightened, and had lost her inclination for mirth and laughter.

The servants moved about in their sombre mourning garments with grave faces and hushed awe-stricken ways. It seemed almost incredible that so great a misfortune should have fallen upon the house, that its brightness should be quenched so utterly.

As soon as the misfortune that had befallen the Vanes was made known, the General's maiden-sister descended from London upon the house and took possession, but not in any imperious or domineering way.

Miss Leonora Vane was far too shrewd and too kindly a woman to be brought but helpful and sympathetic at such a time. But it was in her nature to rule—she could not help making her influence felt wherever she went, and the reins of government fell naturally into her hands as soon as she appeared upon the scene.

She was the General's junior by five years only, and had always looked on Sydney and his wife as poor, irresponsible, frivolous young creatures quite incapable of managing their own affairs.

A difference of opinion on this point had driven her to London, where she had a nice little house in Kensington, and was great on committees and boards of management.

But real sorrow chased all considerations of her own dignity or comfort from her mind.

She hurried down to Beechfield as soon as she knew of her brother's need; and during the weary days and weeks between Sydney's death and Westwood's trial she had been invaluable as a friend, helper, and capable mistress of the disorganised household.

She sat one June morning at the head of the breakfast-table in the dining-room at Beechfield Hall with an unaccustomed look of dissatisfaction and perplexity upon her handsome resolute face.

Miss Vane was a woman of fifty, but her black hair showed showed scarcely a line of silver and her brown eyes were as keen and bright as they had ever been.

With her smooth unwrinkled forehead, her colorless but healthy complexion, and her thin well-braced figure, she looked ten years younger than her age.

Not often was her composure disturbed, but on this occasion trouble and anxiety were both evinced by the knitting of her brows and the occasional twitching of her usually firm lips.

She sat behind the coffee-urn, but she had finished her own breakfast long since, and was now occupying her ever-busy fingers with some knitting until her brother should appear.

But her hands were unsteady, and at last with an exclamation of disgust, she laid down her knitting-pins and crossed the long white fingers closely over one another in her lap.

"Surely Hubert got my telegram!" she murmured to herself. "I wish he would come—oh, how I wish that he would come!"

She moved in her seat so as to be able to see the marble clock on the massive oak mantelpiece. The hands pointed to the hour of nine. Miss Vane rose and looked out of the window.

"He might have taken the early train from town. If he had, he would be here by this time. But no doubt he did not think it worth while. 'An old woman's fancy!' he said to himself perhaps. Hubert was never very tolerant of other people's fancies, though he has plenty of his own, Heaven knows! Ah, there he comes, thank Heaven! For once he has done what I wished—dear boy!"

Miss Vane's hard countenance softened as she said the words. She sank down into her chair again, crossed her hands once more upon her knees, and assumed the attitude of impenetrable rigidity intended to impress the observer with a sense of her indifference to all mankind. But the newcomer, who entered from the terrace at the moment, was too well used to Miss Vane's ways and manners to be much impressed.

"Good morning, aunt Leo. I have obeyed your orders, you see," he said, as he bent down and touched her forehead lightly with his lips.

He was a young man, not more than one or two and twenty, but he had already lost much of the freshness and youthfulness of his years.

He was of middle height, rather slenderly built, well dressed, well brushed, with the air of high-bred distinction which is never attained save by those to the manner born.

His face was singularly handsome, strong, yet refined, with sharply-cut features, dark eyes and hair, a heavy black moustache, and a grave, almost melancholy expression—altogether a striking face, not one easily to be forgotten or overlooked.

As he seated himself quietly at the breakfast-table, and replied to some query of his aunt's respecting the hour of his arrival, it occurred to Miss Vane that he was looking remarkably tired and unwell.

The line of his cheek, always somewhat sharp, seemed to have fallen in, there were dark shadows beneath his eyes, and his olive complexion had assumed the slightly livid tints which sometimes mark ill-health.

In spite of his preoccupation with other matters, Miss Vane could not repress a comment on his appearance.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Hubert? You look positively ghastly!"

"Do I?" said Hubert, glancing up with a ready smile. "I shouldn't wonder. I was up all last night with some fellows that I know—we made a night of it, aunt Leo—and I have naturally a headache this morning."

"You deserve it then. Surely you might have chosen a more fitting time for a carouse!"

It seemed to her, curiously enough, that he gave a little shiver and drew in his lips beneath his dark moustache. But he answered with his usual indifference of manner.

"It was hardly a carouse. I can't undertake to make a recluse of myself, my dear aunt, in spite of the family troubles."

"Hubert, don't be so heartless!" she cried impetuously; then, checking herself, she pressed her thin lips slightly together and sat silent, with her eyes fixed on the cups before her.

"Am I heartless? Well, I suppose I am," said the young man, with a slight mocking smile in which his eyes took no part. "I am sorry, but really I can't help it. In the meantime perhaps you will give me a cup of coffee—for I am famishing after my early flight from town—and tell me why you telegraphed for me in such a hurry last night."

Miss Vane filled his cup with a hand that trembled still. Hubert Lepel watched her movements with interest. He did not often see his kinswoman display so much agitation.

She was not his aunt by any tie of blood—she was a far-away cousin only; but ever since his babyhood he had addressed her by that title.

"I sent for you," she said at last, speaking jerkily and hurriedly, as if the effort were almost more than she could bear—"I sent for you to tell the General what you yourself telegraphed to me last night."

A flush of dull red color stole into the young man's face. He looked at her intently, with a contracted brow.

"Do you mean," he said, after a moment's pause, that you have not told him yet?"

Miss Vane averted her eyes.

"No," she answered; "I have not told him. You will think me weak—I suppose I am weak, Hubert—but I dared not tell him."

"And you summoned me from London to break the news? For no other reason?"

Miss Vane nodded.

"That was all."

Hubert bit his lip and sipped his coffee before saying another word.

"Aunt Leo," he said, after a silence during which Miss Vane gave unequivocal signs of nervousness, "I really must say that I think the proceeding was unnecessary." He leaned back in his chair and toyed with his spoon, a whiteness which Miss Vane was accustomed to interpret as a sign of anger showing itself about his nostrils and his lips. She had long looked upon it as an ominous sign.

"Hubert, Hubert, don't be angry—don't refuse to help me!" she said in pleading tones, such as he had never heard from her before. "I assure you that my post in this house is no sinecure. Poor Marion"—she spoke of Mrs. Sydney Vane—"is rapidly sinking into her grave. Ay, you may well start! She has never got over the shock of Sydney's death, and the excitement of the last few days seems to have increased her malady. She insisted on having every report of the trial read to her; and ever since the conviction she has grown weaker, until the doctor says that she can hardly outlast the week. Oh, that wicked man—the murderer—has much to answer for!" said Miss Vane, clasping her hands passionately together.

Hubert was silent; his eyebrows were drawn down over his eyes, his face was strangely white.

"Your uncle," Miss Vane continued sadly, "is nearly heart-broken. You know how much he loved poor Sydney, how much he cares for Marion. He has been a different man ever since that terrible day. I am afraid for his health—for his reason even, if——"

"For Heaven's sake stop!" said the young man hoarsely. "I can't bear this enumeration of misfortunes; it—it makes me—ill! Don't say any more."

He pushed back his chair, rose, and went to the sideboard, where he poured out a glass of water from the carafe and drank it off. Then he leaned both elbows on the damask-covered mahogany surface and rested his forehead on his hands. Miss Vane stared at his bowed head, at his bent figure with unfeigned amazement. She thought that she knew Hubert well, and she had never numbered over-sensitiveness amongst his virtues or vices. She concluded that the last night's dissipation had been too much for his nerves.

"Hubert," she said at length, "you must be ill."

"I believe I am," the young man answered.

He raised his face from his hands, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped his forehead with it before turning round. It were well that his aunt should not see the cold drops of perspiration standing upon his brow.

He tried to laugh as he came forward to the table once more.

"You must excuse me," he said. "I have not been well for the last several days, and your list of disasters quite upset me."

"My poor boy," said aunt Leo, looking at him tenderly, "I am afraid that I have been very thoughtless! I should have remembered that these last few weeks have been as trying to you as to all of us. You always loved Marion and Sidney."

It would have been impossible for her to interpret aright the involuntary spasm of feeling that flashed across Hubert's face, the uncontrollable shudder that ran through all his frame. Impossible indeed! How could she fancy that he said to himself as he heard her words—

"Loved Sydney Vane! Merciful powers, I never sank to that level, at any rate! When I think of what I now know of him, I am glad to remember that he was my enemy!"

CHAPTER III.

AT THAT moment a heavy step was heard in the hall, a hand fumbled with the lock of the door. Miss Vane glanced apprehensively at Hubert.

"He is there," she said—"he is coming in. The London papers will arrive in half an hour. Hubert, don't leave him to learn the news from the papers or from his London lawyer."

"What harm if he did?" muttered Hubert; but, before Miss Vane could reply, the door was opened and the General entered the room.

He was a tall white-haired man, with a stoop in his shoulders which had not been perceptible a year before. His finely cut features strongly resembled those of his sister, but there was some weakness in the slightly receding chin, some hint of irresolution in the lines of the handsome mouth, which could not be found in Leonora Vane's expressive countenance.

The General's eyes were remarkably fine, clear and blue as sea-water or the sky, but their expression on this occasion was peculiar. They had a wild, wandering, irresolute look which impressed Hubert painfully.

He rose respectfully from his chair as the old man came in; but for a moment or two the General gazed at him unrecognizingly.

"Hubert has come to spend the day with us, Richard," said Miss Vane.

"Hubert? Oh, yes, Hubert Lepel!" murmured the General, as if recalling a forgotten name. "Florence Lepel's brother—a cousin of ours, I believe? Glad to see you, Hubert," said the General, suddenly awakening, apparently from a dream. "Did

you come down this morning? From London or from Whitminster?"

"From London, sir."

"Oh, yes—from London! I thought perhaps that you had been"—the General's voice sank to a husky whisper—"to see that fellow get his deserts. Hush—don't speak of it before Leonora; ladies should not hear about these things, you know!" He caught Hubert by the sleeve and drew him aside. "The execution was to be this morning; did you not know?" he said, fixing his wild eyes upon the young man's paling face. "Eight o'clock was the hour: it must be over by now. Well, well—the Lord may have mercy on his sinful soul!"

"Amen!" Hubert muttered between his closed teeth. Then he seemed to make a violent effort to control himself—to assume command over his kinsman's disordered mind. "Come sir," he said—"you must not talk like that. Think no more of that wretched man. You know there was a chance—a loophole. Some people were not convinced that he was guilty. There have been petitions signed by hundreds of people, I believe, to the Home Secretary for mercy."

"Mercy—mercy!" shouted the General, his pale face growing first red and then purple from excitement. "Who talks of mercy to that ruffian? But Harbury"—naming the Home Secretary for the time being—"Harbury will stand firm; Harbury will never yield! I would take my oath that Harbury won't give in! Such a miscarriage of justice was never heard of! Don't talk to me of it! Harbury knows his duty; and the man has been punished—the man is dead!"

Hubert's voice trembled a little as he spoke.

"The man is not dead, sir," he said.

The General turned upon him fiercely.

"Was not this morning fixed for the—is this not the twenty-fifth?" he said. "What do you mean?"

There was a moment's silence, during which he read the answer to his question in Hubert's eyes.

Miss Vane held her breath; she saw her brother stagger as if a sudden dizziness had seized him; he caught at the back of an antique heavily-carved oak chair for support.

In the pause she noted involuntarily the beauty of the golden sunshine that filled every corner of the luxuriously-appointed room, intensifying the glow of color in the Persian carpet, illuminating as with fire the brass-work and silver-plate which decorated the table and the sideboard, vividly outlining in varied tones of delicate hues the masses of June roses that filled every vase and bowl in the room.

The air was full of perfume—nothing but beauty met the eye; and yet, in spite of this material loveliness, how black and evil, how unutterably full of sadness, did the world appear to Leonora Vane just then!

And, if she could have seen into the heart of one at least of the men who stood before her, she would have almost died of grief and shame.

"You don't mean," stammered the General, "that the ruffian who murdered my brother—has been—reprieved?"

"It is said, sir, that imprisonment for life is worse punishment than death," said Hubert gently.

The face of no man—even of one condemned to lifelong punishment—could have expressed deeper gloom than his own as he said the words.

Yet mingling with the gloom there was something inflexible that gave it almost a repellent character. It was as if he would have thrown any show of pity back into the face of those who offered it, and defied the world to sympathize with him on account of some secret trouble which he had brought upon himself.

"Worse than death—worse than death!" repeated the old man. "I do not know what you mean sir. I shall go up to town at once and see Harbury about this matter. It is in his hands——"

"Not now," interposed Hubert. "The Queen——"

"The Queen will hear reason, sir! I will make my way to her presence, and speak to her myself. She will not refuse the prayer of an old man who has served his country as long and as faithfully as I have done. I will tell her the story myself, and she will see justice done—justice on the man who murdered my brother!"

His voice grew louder and his breath came in choking gasps between the words.

His face was purple, the veins on his forehead were swollen and his eyes bloodshot; with one hand he was leaning on the table, with the other he gesticulated violently, shaking the closed fist almost in Hubert's face, as if he mistook him for the murderer himself.

It was a pitiable sight. The old man had completely lost his self-command, and his venerable white hairs and bowed form accented the harrowing effect which his burst of passion produced upon his amazed hearers.

Hubert stood silent, spellbound, as it seemed, with sorrow and dismay; but Miss Vane, shaking with unwonted timidity, went up to her brother and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Richard, Richard, do not speak that way!" she said. "It is not Christian—it is not even human. You are not a man who would wish to take away a fellow-creature's life or rob him of a chance of repentance."

The General's hand fell, but his eyes flamed with the look of an infuriated beast of prey as he turned them on Miss Leonora.

"You are a woman," he said harshly, "and, as a woman, you may be weak; but I am a man and a soldier, and would die for the honor of my family. Not take away that man's life! I swear to you that, if I had him here, I would kill him with my own hands! Does not the Scripture tell us that life shall be given for a life.

"It tells us that vengence is the Lord's Richard, and that He will repay."

"Yes—by the hands of His servants, Leonora. Are you so base as not to desire the punishment of your brother's murderer? If so, never speak to me, never come to my house again! And you, young gentleman, get ready to come with me to London at once! I will see Harbury before the day is over."

"My dear General," said Hubert, looking exceedingly perplexed, "I think that you will hardly find Harbury in town. I heard yesterday that he was leaving London for a few days."

"Nonsence, sir! Leaving London before the close of the session! Impossible! But we can get his address and follow him, I suppose? I will see Harbury to night!"

"It will be useless," said Hubert, with resignation; "but, if you insist——"

"I do insist! The honor of the house is at stake, and I shall do my utmost to bring that ruffian to the gallows! I cannot understand you young fellows of the present day, cold-blooded, effeminate, without natural affection—I cannot understand it, I say. Ring the bell for Saunders; tell him to put up my bag. I will go at once—this very moment—this——"

The General's voice suddenly faltered and broke.

For some time his words had been almost unintelligible; they ran into one another, as if his tongue was not under the control of his will.

His face, first red, then purple, was nearly black, and a slight froth was showing itself upon his discolored lips.

As his sister and cousin looked at him in alarm, they saw that he staggered backwards as if about to fall. Hubert sprang forward and helped him to a chair, where he lay back, with his eyes half closed, breathing stertorously, and apparently almost unconscious.

The rage, the excitement, had proved too much for his physical strength; he was on the verge, if he had not absolutely succumbed to it, of an apoplectic fit.

The doctor was sent for in haste. All possibility of the General's expedition to London was out of the question, very much to Miss Vane's relief.

She had been dreading an illness of this kind for some days, and it was this fear which had caused her to telegraph for Hubert before breaking to her brother the news that she herself had learned the night before.

She had seen her father die of a similar attack, and had been roused to watchfulness by symptoms of excitement in her brother's manner during the last few days. The blow had fallen now, and she could only be thankful that matters were no worse.

When the doctor had come—he was met half-way up the drive by the messenger, on his way to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Sydney—and when he had superintended the removal of the General to his room, Hubert was left for a time alone.

He quitted the dining-room and made his way to his favorite resort at Beechfield Hall—a spacious conservatory which ran the whole length of one side of the house. Into this conservatory, now brilliant with exotics, several rooms opened, one after another—a small breakfast-room, a study, a library, billiard-room, and smoking-room. These all communicated with each other as well as the conservatory, and it was as easy as it was delightful to exchange the neighborhood of books or pipes or billiard-balls for that of Mr. Vane's orchids and stephanotis-blossoms.

Poor Mrs. Vane used to grumble over the conservatory. It was on the wrong side of the house—the gentlemen's side, she called it—and did not run parallel with the drawing-room; but the very oddness of the arrangement seemed to please her guests.

Hubert had always liked to smoke his morning cigar amongst the flowers, and, as he paced slowly up and down the tesselated floor and inhaled the heavy perfume of the myrtles and the heliotrope, his features relaxed a little, his eyes grew less gloomy and his brow more tranquil. He glanced round him with an air almost of content and drew a deep breath.

"If one could live amongst flowers all one's life, away from the crimes and follies of the rest of the world, how happy one might be!" he said to himself half cynically, half sadly, as he stooped to puff away the green-fly from a delicate plant with the smoke of his cigar. "That's impossible, however. There's no chance of a monastery in these modern days! What would I not give just now to be out of all this—this misery—this devilry?" He put a strong and bitter accent on the last word. "But I see no way out of it—none!"

"There is no way out of it—for you," a voice near him said.

Without knowing it, he had spoken aloud. This answer to his reverie startled him exceedingly.

He wheeled round to discover whence it came, and, to his surprise, found himself close to the open library window, where, just inside the room, a girl was sitting in a low cushioned chair.

He took the cigar from his mouth and held it between his fingers as he looked at her, his brow contracting with anger rather than with surprise. He stood thus two or three minutes, as if expecting her to speak, but she did not even raise her eyes.

She was a tall, fair girl with hair of the palest flaxen, artistically puffed out and curled upon her forehead and woven into a magnificent coronet upon her graceful head; her downcast eyelids were peculiarly large and white, and, when raised, revealed the greatest surprise of her face—a pair of velvety dark-brown eyes, which had the curious power of assuming a reddish tint when she was angry or disturbed.

Her skin was of the perfect creaminess which sometimes accompanies red hair—and it was whispered by her acquaintances that Florence Lepel's flaxen locks had once been of a decidedly carroty tinge, and that their present pallor had been attained by artificial means.

Whether this was the case or not, it could not be denied that their color was now very becoming to her pale complexion, and that they constituted the chief of Miss Lepel's many acknowledged charms.

For in a rather strange and uncanny way, Florence Lepel was a beautiful woman; and though critics said that she was too thin, that her neck was too long, her face too pale and narrow, her hair too colorless for beauty, there were many for whom a distinct fascination lay in the unusual combination of these features.

She was dressed in from head to foot in sombre black, which made her neck and hands appear almost dazzlingly white.

Perhaps it was also the sombreness of her attire which gave her a look of fragility—an almost painful fragility—to her appearance. Hubert noted, half unconsciously, that her figure was more willowy than ever, that the veins on her temples and her long white hands were marked with extraordinary distinctness, that there were violet shadows on the large eyelids and beneath the drooping lashes. But, for all that, the bitter starness of his expression did not change. When he spoke, it was in a particularly severe tone.

"I should be obliged to you," he said, still holding his cigar between his fingers and looking down at her with a very dark frown upon his face, "if you would kindly tell me exactly what you mean."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHREWD observer was once asked, "Why are pretty women as a rule less sensible and accomplished than plain ones?"

"The latter," he replied, "seek company which may instruct them, and the former show generally an aversion to such kind of society; so that those women who have no beauty receive from nature propensities that compensate them for the want of personal charms."

MRS. TURNCOTE (looking over her husband's papers): "Why, my dear, here's an article of yours for one of the reviews on 'Turn the Rascals Out' only half done. Why don't you finish it?"

Mr. Turncote: "Don't care to. I'm in office myself now."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SALUTE.—The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows, is thus accounted for: It is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

THE DUTCH SERVANT MAID.—The Dutch keep their houses exceedingly neat and clean. Speaking of this, Sir William Temple tells the following anecdote. A magistrate going to visit the mistress of a house in Amsterdam, knocked at the door, and a strapping North Holland lass came and opened it. He asked whether her mistress was at home; she said "yes," and with that he offered to go in. The young woman, however, noticing that his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there—all without uttering a word—and when she had done, she told him that he might go to her mistress who was in a room above.

EAVESDROPPING.—Several stories are given as to the origin of the term "eavesdropping." One is that a man, anxious to overhear a secret discussion that was being held in a certain room, went to the trouble of clambering over the roof of the house where the party had assembled, and suspended himself from the eaves, so that he might listen at the window. A more likely derivation takes us back to the year 1717, during the revival of Freemasonry, when a man who was found listening at the door of a masonic meeting had a curious punishment inflicted upon him. Having been caught in the act, he was at once tried by the brothers, who sentenced him to be placed under the eaves of an outhouse while it was raining hard, till the water ran in under the collar of his coat and out at his shoes.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.—The Burmese marriage is a very simple affair. It consists ordinarily of the eating of rice together in the presence of friends and of saying that the two propose to live together as man and wife. The matches are sometimes made by the parents and sometimes by professional match-makers. The most common method, however, is by the young people fixing the arrangement for themselves and carrying on their billing and cooing the same as we do at home. The Burmese groom furnishes the wedding breakfast, and he carries it to the house of the bride. The newly married pair live with the bride's parents for several years at least, and in case that one of these parents dies the other becomes an inmate of the family for lifetime. It is presumptuous for a young man to set up housekeeping immediately after marriage, and he is supposed to work for a certain time for his wife.

AMONG THE ESKIMO.—Among the Eskimo time is measured by the sun and stars. For example, the star Arcturus is the seal-netters' timepiece. When he is in the east, dawn is near, and it is time to stop fishing. The year is divided into four seasons—early winter, winter, early summer and summer. Nine lunar months are known by name; the rest of the year "there is no moon, only the sun." They begin to count the moons from the early autumn, the time when the women go off into the little tents to work on deer-skins. The first moon—roughly speaking, October—is "the time for working—*i. e.*, sewing;" November, "the second time for sewing;" December, "the time for dancing" (this is the season of great semi-dramatic festivals); January, "great cold," or "little sun" (in this season the sun just reappears at noon); February, "the time for starting" (on the winter deer-hunt); March, "the time for starting home"; April, "the time for making ready the boats" (for whaling); May, "the time for fowling"; and June, "the time for bringing forth young" (when the birds lay eggs). They clearly distinguish "to-day," "yesterday," and "to-morrow;" but "day before yesterday" and "day after to-morrow" are the same; and beyond that all is "some time ago" or "some time hence" (the same word), till it gets to be "long ago" or "by-and-by." Then there are no dates in their past or future, except what has happened or is to happen.

FIFTY years ago wooden clocks had only been in use one year.

WHO KNOWETH?

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Who knoweth the mother's cares,
The mother's pangs and the mother's prayers,
The sacrifices no other shares,
Who knoweth?

Who knoweth the mother's tears,
The myriad hopes, the myriad fears,
The patient tollings of troubled years,
Who knoweth?

Who knoweth the mother's cross,
The trials that dim life's lighter gloss,
The crucified heart and the spirit's loss,
Who knoweth?

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY." "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

NOW, she told herself, with a cold thrill of perturbation—"now it's coming! I have avoided him all these months only to fall into a snare like this at the very end. Yes, Mary Catherine, this is your doing, but I'll be even with you yet; I'll make the most hideous bonnet I can possibly manufacture for Sibyl to caricature you in to-morrow! Oh, I beg your pardon, what did you say, Doctor Waters? I wasn't listening."

"Annie," he replied wistfully, "I have been waiting for this opportunity for such a long time, you must pardon me for taking advantage of it, even if it isn't the very happiest that might have been chosen. I can't afford to let it pass—I want to speak to you so badly."

"I am in a very bad temper, Doctor Waters—I told you that before. I feel as perverse and contrary as it is possible to feel," Annie protested. "It is the very worst time to speak to me, if you want me to answer agreeably, I warn you. Don't you think you had better leave it for a 'more convenient season,' as Mary Catherine would say?"

"I have waited so long already," he said sadly; then; with a sudden smile—"And I am not very much afraid of your tempers, Annie; they won't influence your part in this conversation, at least, for it is far too serious to be affected by such passing disturbances. You don't know how often I have tried to—to—have this talk with you—or how difficult it has been to accomplish it."

Annie caught her breath nervously.

"Don't you think," she said hesitatingly, "that things that are so difficult to say are very often better left unsaid? I do. Sometimes there is only disappointment waiting after all. Are you sure this is not one of them, Doctor Waters?"

"No, I am not at all sure. There is only one thing I am sure of, and that is that I mean to know my fate once and for all, and not live any longer in a state of suspense. But you know as well as I do what it is I want to ask. Is there any chance at all for me, Annie? Don't answer hastily. I know you don't love me yet, I know you have tried your utmost to prevent me from speaking at all, but wait a moment or two before answering. You don't know what my love for you is, dear; it is woven into my very life. I have loved you ever since the days when I used to meet you every morning, a little rosy-cheeked girl, going to school with your bundle of books under your arm. A love of that sort is not lightly forgotten, and, if you can give me no hope, I must banish all thoughts of happiness of that sort—there is no other woman for me. Think of it well, dear. I don't speak of what I can offer you in worldly goods, because I know that wouldn't tempt you; but the one undivided love of a lifetime, a strong arm to work for you, a home of which you would be the light and sunshine, all that makes it a home—aren't those things worth considering, Annie?"

"Oh, don't put it like that!" cried the girl brokenly, more touched and subdued than she could have believed it possible to be by the low earnest tones. "It isn't fair, it makes me feel so wicked and ungrateful; and when I am so unworthy of it too—so hasty and impatient! I wonder how you can care for me so much."

The Doctor turned and looked at her with shining eyes.

"Do you? It doesn't seem very wonderful to me. Well, will you think it over, Annie? I don't ask you to consent to an engagement now, or anything of that sort; you are worth waiting for, dear, and I will be patient a little longer, if there is even a glimmer of hope to sustain me. Don't you think you can manage to give me even as much as that?"

Annie shook her head energetically, turning her eyes resolutely away from the anxious ones fixed so wistfully upon her face.

"No, no; I can't, indeed! I wish I could; it makes me perfectly miserable to say so, for I do like you so very much, Doctor Waters; but as for anything more—oh, no, it's quite impossible!"

"No, don't say that, Annie," he replied bravely, though with a tremor of pain in his voice. "There are few things that are 'quite impossible' in this world. If it is true that all things come round to him who will but wait, I ought not to despair even now, for I will never give up waiting while you are free and unmarried. I will say no more to-day, if it distresses you; but you know what my mind is, and I will ask you again in a month or two, when you have had time to consider it."

"But it will be of no use. Oh, I wish you would put it out of your mind altogether; it will be of no use—far less use in a month even than it is now!"

"Is that so?"

Doctor Waters wheeled round swiftly, and looked searchingly at Annie's face, on which, even as he gazed, the color grew brighter and brighter; and, as he turned aside again, with a sharp half-whispered exclamation of pain, his face was white and drawn, and his lips were lightly compressed.

He walked along in silence; while Annie, with burning cheeks, at one moment reproached herself for her too open insinuation, and in the next congratulated herself on having, at any rate, put an end to the painful conversation.

"Annie," he said slowly, "it is of no use—I must speak! Your happiness is so precious to me that I dare even risk offending you, if it may possibly protect that. I am afraid I know to what you refer; but are you quite sure that you know your own mind—are you certain that you are not mistaking a——"

"Yes, I am quite sure, thank you—I don't think I am ever very much at a loss in that respect," returned Annie, roused at once, and looking the very embodiment of willfulness even as she spoke. "Don't say anything more, Doctor Waters, please; you are so good that I don't want to be offended, but I can't help it if you talk like that."

Doctor Waters bowed his head again, with a long sigh, and nearly the length of a field was traversed in silence.

The setting sun was just sinking behind a distant range of mountains, flooding with its golden beams the broad waters of the estuary.

It was a solitary spot, for as far as the eye could reach there appeared to be no other creature within sight; but, as they gained the end of the footpath and turned into a narrow grass-covered lane, they were confronted by a young man, seated on the top rail of a wooden gate some few yards off, whose white tennis-costume set off admirably his graceful well-proportioned figure, and whose blue cap was pushed very carelessly back from his forehead, on which the flaxen hair lay in close curling rings.

A little fox-terrier, standing in the middle of the lane, looking towards him with watchful mien, was evidently being put through some performance for which it had a strange distaste; for, in defiance of a constant storm of abuse, it paid no attention to its master's orders, merely slinking backward a pace or two at a louder tone than usual, or wagging its tail between whiles with a feeble attempt at conciliation.

Finding threats and commands alike useless, the young man suddenly stopped short in his angry tirade, and, assuming an air of friendliness, leaned forward and snapped his fingers encouragingly.

The terrier, misguided and credulous, came bounding to his side, to receive at the same moment such a sharp blow over its head with the tennis-racket as sent it away, yelping piteously, to the other side of the road, while its master burst into immoderate laughter, which perhaps would not have been so hearty and complacent had he been aware of the very critical eyes that were fixed upon him.

The next moment however it was no longer possible to remain unconscious of the presence of the new-comers, and he turned towards them, with just the same cool self-satisfied expression in his blue eyes which had so roused Miss Aythea's ire in the meeting-house.

"Hallo," he said, with a careless nod—"Is that you? Evening, Doctor! How d'ye do, Annie—been Dorcasing?"

"Joshua," exclaimed Annie sternly, "how can you ill-treat Vic like that? You are always doing it; it's too bad! I wonder the poor creature will go near you."

"Bah," he rejoined lightly, snapping his fingers, and whistling to Vic, who, at the first sign of encouragement, crawled back to his side, and raised herself on her hind legs for his caress—"it's the only way to treat them! A woman, a spaniel—you know—truest thing that ever was written."

"Good-night!"

And Annie walked on, with a heightened color.

"Are you off? Ta-ta!" replied the young fellow, with the same unruffled composure. "I'll be looking you up one of these nights. Good-evening, Doctor! I hope you'll have a pleasant walk."

There was a sneering emphasis on the last words which could not be misunderstood. Doctor Waters, walking quietly along by his companion's side, did not attempt to reply however, and before they had gone many paces Joshua's voice once more sounded behind them.

"Oh—Annie!"

Annie turned round slowly.

"Well?"

"I suppose you've been at Amy Lee's. Was Mrs. Pollard there?"

"Yes."

"And the fair unknown?"

"If you mean her visitor—yes, she was with her."

"Oh, Mary Catherine spoke to her the other day; but she disapproves of beauty in most any form, you know, and I couldn't get anything out of her! What is her name?"

"Aythea—Sibyl Aythea."

"Sibyl—hum—not a bad name for her, either! And what's she like on close inspection?"

Annie drew herself up, and looked very severe.

"I can hardly tell on such a very short acquaintance; but she seems exceedingly pleasant."

Joshua laughed and, throwing his racquet up into the air, caught it lightly with his left hand as it descended.

"Oh, be hanged to 'pleasant'. All girls are pleasant. What does she look like? Is she as pretty without her hat as with it?"

"I think she's prettier."

The answer came slowly, grudgingly perhaps, although Annie would not even then condescend to underrate another's charms; but at the expressive which followed she turned aside impatiently.

"I can't wait any longer, Joshua; it's late already. Good night!"

"Ta-ta!"

Mr. Worthington swung himself down from his seat and went off in the opposite direction, whence his voice could still be heard addressing the unfortunate Vic in alternate cajolery and anger.

Doctor Waters, with kindly tact, totally ignored the interruption to their tete-a-tete, and plunged immediately into a conversation on ordinary topics, which he persistently continued, in spite of his companion's short answers and obviously divided attention.

When they at last reached their destination however, and stood still to exchange farewells, he kept her hand tightly in his for a moment, while he looked into her face, with the earnestness of manner which had characterised him in the early part of their conversation.

"Annie," he said slowly, "I think I love you well enough to give you up, if it were for your own happiness—I hope I do; but I will never give you up for the sake of a mistake—a delusion—a delusion which will ruin your whole life—which will——"

But before he could finish his sentence Annie had wrenched her hand from his, and was flying at full speed up the garden-path.

The front door stood open, and, passing in, she ran upstairs, reached the shelter of her own room unobserved, and sank wearily down upon the broad window-seat.

"Oh, how dare he," she murmured—"how dare he! And yet, after all, he was right. I am throwing away my best chance of happiness, and I know it—and he is not worth it either. How could he go on questioning me like that about Sibyl Aythea—putting me in such a humiliating position, and just after what I had said too! What must he have thought?"

Annie's pronouns were sadly vague and indiscriminate; but her nominatives were very clearly and accurately defined, in her own mind at least.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning Miss Riley appeared in due course, supplied not only with the brown-paper pattern, but with all the materials to make the bonnet itself; and certainly never was the manufacture of so sober an article of attire attended by more laughter and merriment.

Sibyl alternately capered about in her limp black skirt, which had been quickly run up by the aid of the machine, or rehearsed for the evening's performance by lecturing her companion, in the character of Mary Catherine Worthington, from the piano-stool, while she awaited the completion of the crowning-point of the costume—the bonnet, which, after all, had had to be given over to Annie's charge, the two worldings finding unexpected difficulties in its composition.

The graceful figure and the shapely head had never appeared to better advantage than they did in their sombre severe setting, and Mrs. Pollard and her friend exchanged glances of admiration, and indulged in whispered rhapsodies, as Sibyl stood at the farther end of the room, too deeply engrossed in the arrangement of the soft muslin folds at her throat to have any thought for her companions.

"Did you ever see any one so lovely?"

"Never—and so delightfully unconscious too; she's not a bit affected! Do you think she knows?"

"Of course she knows—she's not blind," said Annie bluntly; "but beauties like that can afford to be unconscious; it's only the 'rather pretty' girls who are everlastingly thinking of themselves! They have always to be trying to make the most of their looks, poor things! It's a blessing to be plain, after all, and have no more bother about it."

"Annie!"

There was a note of pained remonstrance in Mr. Pollard's voice.

She raised her eyes and gazed wistfully at her friend, as she sat stitching busily beside her; there had been a quiver in the usually cheery voice which Caroline, with her knowledge of what lay behind the scenes, was much grieved to the heart to hear.

"Annie!" she repeated reproachfully, and the girl raised her face half defiantly. It was such strong, capable, honest face; no one who looked at it with any but the most superficial eyes could possibly call it plain or uninteresting.

"Well, what is the good of saying 'Annie!' in that tone? I am plain. You don't suppose for a moment that I should be silly enough to care for my own sake, if—if only——"

The brown eyes grew suddenly dim; but before Caroline could find time to say a word in reply Annie had dropped down upon her knees, with a cry of consternation.

"Oh, my needle—I've lost my needle! Where on earth has it hidden itself?"

Mrs. Pollard pushed her well-filled needle-book out of sight, and joined Sibyl in the search; and by the time the missing needle was discovered Annie was herself again, laughing and rosy, and altogether triumphant over her most professional-looking bonnet, as Sibyl, unable to resist the temptation any longer, insisted upon trying its effect.

Mr. Pollard came home to a very merry dinner-table that evening, the three ladies—for of course Annie could not be allowed to depart without enjoying the fruit of her labors—being in unusually high spirits; and more than once, at a seemingly uncalled-for outburst of laughter, he smiled to himself in the conviction that there was mischief of some sort in the air.

Sibyl Aythea had already raised William Pollard to a high pinnacle in her estimation, as the model husband of her acquaintance; indeed, for the first time in a life spent for the most part among the unattached and fashionably independent couples of London society, when she saw Caroline and her husband together, some faint longings after such a happy natural lot for herself had come to Sibyl, whole-hearted as she was.

Mr. Pollard's manner to his wife was, in her eyes, perfection, breathing in every word and look the most perfect devotion, from which however all embarrassing sentimentality or fulsomeness was removed by the strong vein of humor which tinged even his fondest rhapsodies.

Sibyl knew quite well that her beauty, frankly as he might acknowledge it, was nothing to him compared with one glance from Caroline's eyes, and that, charming host as he was, her society was valued not half so much for its own sake as for the pleasure which it afforded his wife.

"Has Mr. Pollard a brother?" she asked her friend laughingly one day. "If so, you might just give him my compliments, and ask him if he would be so kind as to marry me."

"I would with pleasure, and I'm sure he would be most happy to oblige you, if there were such a person," responded Caroline, duly flattered; "but unfortunately there isn't. Is there any other gentleman perhaps?"

The "surprise" came off later on in the evening, attended with all due precautions, and the kind genial host, laughing heartily and assailed with questions from the fair conspirators, confessed himself to have been completely taken in for at least a good minute and a half after his entrance into the room, and to have had "a regular turn" on hearing Mary Catherine announced.

"Were you awfully frightened?"

"Oh, terrified!"

"Didn't you begin to wonder what on earth you had been doing?"

"Thought of all my sins in succession, I assure you!"

"Didn't you really think it was Mary Catherine when you came in?"

"Oh, decidedly—there's a strong resemblance!"—looking at Sibyl, with admiring eyes.

Then, with a sudden exclamation, Mr. Pollard turned towards his wife.

"I say, darling, she really ought to go across and see George! I met him coming home in a very lugubrious frame of mind. Amy has been summoned to her mother's for a day or two, and he was afraid he had another bout of neuralgia coming on. Your get-up is far too good to be wasted on me alone, Miss Sibyl; George would enjoy it hugely if you would give him the benefit, and Carrie and I would see you safely there and back. Do you object?"

"Oh dear, no; I should enjoy it!" cried Sibyl.

Two or three long evenings spent together, to say nothing of that jovial supper after the sewing-meeting, had made her nearly as much at home with Mr. Lee as with his wife, and she quite agreed with her host in thinking the costume too effective to be exhibited for one person's benefit alone. "If I can only get into a sufficiently dark room, I will keep it up much longer with him than I did with you! It was so difficult to keep grave when I knew those two girls were listening outside, and besides, I think you were more than half prepared for some trick, because we were laughing so much at dinner. I caught you looking suspiciously at us once or twice; but Mr. Lee will be completely unprepared. Let me see, what shall be my 'concern?' Has he been doing anything very wicked that you know of?"

"He has taken sittings for himself and Amy at St. Bridget's, so that they may go to the evening service sometimes. You couldn't have a greater depth of depravity than that, I should think!" said Caroline. "I wonder you don't bring it before the Meeting of Ministry and Oversight, Will."

"Now, now—now, young lady, don't make fun of what you know nothing about!" returned her husband, half smiling, half reproachfully, for it did not become him, as a member of the august body mentioned, to countenance jokes of such a character. "Run upstairs and put on your hat; and, after we have seen Miss Sibyl—I beg her pardon, Mary Catherine Worthington—safely to her destination, we shall have time to take Annie home before we call for her again."

"Oh, don't call for me, please," Sibyl interrupted eagerly. "Let me keep the game up as long as ever I can. As soon as he finds me out, we will come to the front door and let you know; but I should love to have a really long talk with him, if possible!"

"Oh, we'll leave you alone"—and William Pollard laughed—"but I hardly fancy

you will be able to keep it up as long as you think! However, good luck to you; it will be a great feather in your cap if you can really manage to deceive George Lee, for he is—like the rest of his persuasion—not very often caught napping!"

* * * * * *

"Mary Catherine Worthington!"

Mrs. Lee's well-trained parlor-maid was for the moment almost inclined to bless the hard fate which stretched her usually sharp-eyed master a helpless groaning figure upon the sofa, as she announced the unexpected visitor, and turned to beat a hasty retreat after the first irrepressible exclamation.

"Mary Catherine Worthington! At this hour? What in the world——"

Mr. Lee paused to put his hand to his cheek, with an uncontrollable groan of misery.

"Oh, this is really too much! I can't speak to any one to-night, far less Mary Catherine, with this raging pain going on all the time—I must send a message that I really cannot see her."

"Of course you must. Don't worry yourself about it, old man; I'll certify that you are totally unfit to see any one to-night," his companion answered soothingly, leaning against the mantelpiece, his dark well-marked profile being clearly reflected in the large overhanging mirror. "If you take my advice, you'll let me see you safely off to bed—it's the only place you are fit for—and then I shall just have time to interview the lady before I run to catch my train. Who is she? One of your active spirits?"

George Lee groaned.

"Oh, yes; daughter of one of our strictest old members—very rigid—keeps up the dress, and all that sort of thing! Gaskell, I'm awfully sorry you should have happened to come to-night, when Amy is away and I'm so hopelessly stupid; but, if you only knew——"

"My dear fellow, I do know. Now, please, don't begin to apologize or treat me like a stranger. I'll say good-night, and go and make your excuses in the drawing-room, while you toddle off to bed. Take another stiff dose of the medicine the last thing, and I promise you you'll go off to sleep on the spot."

Mr. Lee groaned again, with all the hopeless unbelief of an old neuralgic subject, and his friend made his way across the wide hall, with an amused smile flitting over his face.

"This is rather a happy opportunity!" he was thinking to himself. "I was always anxious to meet one of the genuine old type, before they die out completely—this good lady will do as a study. I must try to draw her out as much as possible, and ——"

Gaskell opened the drawing-room door slowly, and stood confounded at finding himself in a dimly-lighted room, in which only the outline of the dark figure on the sofa could be distinguished.

"Good evening to thee, George Lee! Thou are doubtless surprised at this untimely visit; but there is a matter on which I would fain have a few words with thee in private."

"Oh, by Jove!" mentally exclaimed the astonished new-comer, his curiosity and interest alike receiving a severe check at the first sound of those strident tones. This was more serious than he had expected. "'A matter'—'in private.' Whew! What has George been up to now, I wonder? He's in disgrace of some sort, that's quite evident. I wonder how I'd better explain ——"

And, in utter unconsciousness of the ecstasy of triumph which every additional moment of that embarrassed silence afforded his companion, he still hesitated on the threshold, uncertain whether, after all, it might not be well to call his friend to answer on his own behalf.

The recollection of George's face, drawn and haggard with pain, was sufficient however to banish any such ideas, even before the harsh voice, heard once more, roused a healthy spirit of indignation in Gaskell's breast.

Sibyl, whose first impulse on entering the room had been to turn down the gas, was so overjoyed by the success of her first remark, that she determined to make the most of her time while the friendly darkness still shrouded her, and proceeded, in the calmest and most condescending manner, to request Mr. Lee to close the door and be seated.

"Pretty cool that, in a fellow's own house!" Mr. Gaskell thought.

Then, taking a step forward into the room, he said, in the coldest accents of a remarkably clear and telling voice:

"My cousin, Mr. Lee, is exceedingly sorry that he is too unwell to be able to see any one this evening. He has asked me to apologize for him, and——"

He paused, and a few moments of dead silence followed.

Miss Aythea was no coward, but, as the full consciousness of the situation flashed across her mind, she gave a start of consternation, and her heart beat rapidly.

It was not George Lee then, after all! Then who—the awful question followed so immediately on the discovery as to be almost simultaneous—who was it?

By which member of the rigorous community was she to be discovered masquerading in imitation of one of its most important members?

Sibyl quailed in anticipation, as she mentally conjured up the forms of those stately old-world men whose calm grave faces had confronted her on First-day, and imagined their dignified horror at such an escapade.

The one hope of deliverance was to escape before any additional light was introduced.

She rose hurriedly and advanced a step or two towards the doorway, making as she did so a great effort to reply as naturally as possible:

"I am grieved to hear it. Thou wilt kindly give him my sympathy, and say I will endeavor to call upon him again at a more convenient season."

The words came naturally enough; but Sibyl, tremblingly congratulating herself upon her success, was unconscious that, in her agitation, her previously well-sustained imitation of Miss Worthington's harsh accents had suddenly and completely given way, and that the unexpected sound of her natural sweet voice had startled her companion and roused his curiosity.

"Oh, pray don't hurry away! You have had a long walk, perhaps. Mr. Lee would be distressed if he knew you had not waited to rest. I must apologize for the servant not having turned up the gas; but, if you will allow me, I will soon——"

The next moment the gas was at its full height, and the two young people confronted each other breathlessly.

Gaskell had experienced many surprises in the course of a not uneventful career, but he had never realized the superlative degree of amazement until the moment when that sudden light revealed, in the place of the middle-aged and unprepossessing features which he had expected, the upturned face of Sibyl Aythea, her large gray eyes dilated with half-frightened entreaty, the sweet lips parted and tremulous with excitement.

He had seen beautiful faces before now, and admired from afar; but there was something irresistibly winsome about this one, and he stood silent, overwhelmed by a sudden rush of emotion.

For the first moment Sibyl was pale as marble, the next a wave of color passed over her face at the overpowering sense of relief which the sight of an unfamiliar face brought with it.

She had an instinctive conviction that this tall striking-looking man, with his well-cut garments and general air of distinction, was not a member of the Brierley community, and, though her embarrassment was heightened by his irrepressible start of amazement, she felt her courage rise at being relieved from the dread of so much more serious a dilemma.

There was only one thing to be done now—she must keep up her assumed character as consistently as possible, for it seemed impossible to confess the real circumstances of the case to this unsuspecting stranger.

Her eyelids drooped, and her black-gloved fingers played restlessly with the limp folds of her shawl.

"Thou art very kind; but I will not seek to detain thee. Doubtless thy cousin will wish to——"

"My cousin has gone off to bed," Mr. Gaskell interrupted hastily, his eyes still fixed, in almost incredulous wonder, upon this unexpected visitor. "You're not keeping me from him, I assure you; I shall not see him again, in fact, as I have to return to town by the 10.30. Do you know London at all, Miss—er—Miss Worthington?"

Sibyl, a quaint figure in her black garments, still standing irresolutely in the middle of the room, felt a thrill of relief at this confirmation of her hopes.

If this inconvenient stranger, who had chosen such an unfortunate time to make his appearance, were indeed to depart so speedily, there was very little fear of detection.

The reaction of feeling was so strong that, for the first time, the humorous aspect of the situation burst upon her, and she had hard work to restrain a smile. Did she know London!

The gray eyes flashed a sudden look at him which almost took away his breath. Was she laughing?

Surely not, for an answer in the affirmative came primly and demurely from her pretty lips.

"Yea, I am well acquainted with the great city. I have sojourned there on several occasions—for a season."

Sibyl's composure nearly gave way once more at the double meaning of her reply; but the delightful anticipation of Carrie's laughter and Mr. Pollard's appreciation, together with the consciousness that, as this was in all probability a first and last meeting, she could allow herself a little extra license, was inspiring her with courage and composure.

"You come up to Yearly Meeting, I suppose?" Mr. Gaskell queried eagerly. "That seems to be a great occasion. I am not a Friend myself, though so many of my connections belong to the Society, so I have never been; but it is a great meeting-time, isn't it?"

He found himself listening with no little anxiety for the answer, which however was evasive enough when it did come, for Sibyl Aythea had never so much as heard of the Yearly Meeting, and could only commit herself so far as he had prepared the way.

"It is a happy time of fellowship," she said, with a demure air, trying her utmost to look as if she knew all about it.

It was was of no use however, the corners of the mouth twitch and the eyes would sparkle.

There was an instantaneous response in Gaskell's face, the keen deep-set eyes lighting up, the firm determined mouth relaxing, a delightful smile, swift, bright, and genial as an unexpected ray of sunshine, brightening the somewhat stern countenance.

Sibyl found herself unmistakably laughing too, and with that laugh down fell all the barriers of decorum and reserve.

"He does not know what Mary Catherine is like—why should I be disagreeable for the short time I am here?" Sibyl asked herself.

"How could George call her stiff and rigid? She is perfectly charming! Poor little soul, I don't believe she likes it a bit!"

Gaskell decided, as he stepped a little nearer and spoke in now half-laughing tones.

"Miss Worthington, I'm afraid you don't appreciate your privileges. Tell me—what is it like, this great meeting of the year? What goes on? Is it interesting—is it instructive—what is the form of service?"

His companion shook her head quite gently.

"Nay, I cannot describe it; thou shouldst come and see for thyself."

"But may I? I most certainly shall next spring, if I am in town. Do the men and the women have separate meetings though? I have an idea that I once heard ——"

He paused inquiringly, and Sibyl was completely bewildered.

She could find safety only in silence, and by a demure droop of the eyelids and the pursing up of rosy lips feigned a quiet determination not to gratify idle curiosity. Ralph Gaskell, gazing down upon the little face, thought it was the prettiest piece of coquetry he had ever seen.

"Well, I must just wait until I can see for myself then, if you are determined not to answer my question. I'll tell you a secret, though, Miss Worthington—I'm afraid all your good people are not very consistent when they once come up to town. George and Amy come up regularly to Yearly Meeting, and put in an appearance there the first morning; at noon or thereabouts they leave, and—well, for the rest of the time while the meeting lasts—three or four days, isn't it?—I am afraid Devonshire House sees very little of them. They go and pay a visit to the sights instead; I have seen them both at the opera and theatre before now. But things are not nearly so strict as they used to be; I have heard that some Friends even allow dancing nowadays. Is that true? Do you ever go to dances?"

"In these garments? How wouldst thou care to dance with me in such attire as this?"

"Very much indeed—peculiarly much!" Mr. Gaskell answered emphatically; and there was another soft trill of laughter. "Oh I mean it! But I wonder if you will excuse my making a personal remark a propos of your attire? Do you know, I never saw so young a Friend as yourself wearing it before. I—I admire it very much—far more than many of the fashions that I see in Regent Street nowadays; but I am afraid, from the very fact of your adopting it, that you belong to the stricter section of the community which looks upon all outside worldlings with suspicion. Is that so?"

Sibyl looked at him deliberately, a mischievous smile curving her lips.

"Nay, I cannot stop to judge the world; it is getting late, and I must go. I will try to see George Lee on another occasion."

"Well, I hope you'll be fortunate in finding him better able to attend to you than he was this evening. It is unfortunate that you should have happened to come when he was ill, and Amy away. You know Amy—Mrs. Lee?"

"Oh, yes; I know her very well!"

"And like her—every one must like Amy! Now that is surely one of the cases where your rules have been successfully infringed. I suppose there could hardly be a happier couple; and yet if he had married a dozen years ago he would have been turned out of the Society for his pains. Even now, I daresay, he is considered more or less of a backslider."

Sibyl shook her head with portentous gravity.

"Ah, you hold strong ideas on outside marriages, Miss Worthington! You think it is the duty of a Friend to marry within his own community?"

"Miss Worthington's" expression altered unexpectedly, as a swift remembrance flashed unbidden through her mind—the rows of benches devoted to the men at the little Meeting house, the grave unbending expression of the elders, and—in startling contrast—the handsome insolence of that old face, with its bold unabashed scrutiny.

"Yea, indeed, most certainly I do!" she answered, with an unaffected shudder of dislike.

A moment of embarrassed silence followed, for Mr. Gaskell was considerably taken aback at the unexpected fervor of the reply, which was indeed so emphatic as to betray a personal interest of some description; he was also, from some cause or other, distinctly disappointed.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I'm afraid I must appear very inquisitive, but I did not wish to pry into your own private——"

Sibyl held up her hand, smiling and blushing.

"Nay, we were talking of outside marriages. I have not studied the subject from a personal standpoint yet; I am a spinster."

Gaskell laughed outright, the word seemed so singularly inappropriate.

"That sounds very old and decrepit! I feel quite guilty at having allowed you to stand so long, when I hear you call yourself by such a formidable title. Won't you sit down? I can recommend that chair in the corner as especially suited to your requirements. Let me draw it out for you."

"Oh, no, indeed, I must go!" cried Sibyl, alarmed to find by a glance at the clock how much time had passed while she had been freely chatting with this stranger, and holding out a slim hand in farewell, while Gaskell vainly racked his brain for an excuse to detain her.

"You will allow me to see you safely home? Don't say 'No,' please; it is getting quite dark, and——"

"Oh, but I'm not in the least frightened! I haven't far to go. No, really, I can't allow you to come," Sibyl insisted, dropping her carefully sustained "thee" and "thou" in the agitation of the moment, for, with Carrie and Mr. Pollard lurking outside, she felt it would be certain discovery to cross the threshold in the stranger's company. He would almost certainly be mistaken in the fading light for the intended victim, some fatal question or exclamation would bring shame and humiliation upon her, and looking into the clear keen eyes that were fixed upon her in a searching gaze, Sibyl felt as if anything in the world would be preferable to such a discovery. "You will need all your time for your train, and, besides, I—I have a friend waiting for me outside."

A slight inexplicable change of expression passed over Mr. Gaskell's face. He bowed coldly.

"I am not at all particular to a train; but, of course, if you have a friend——"

He spoke dryly, in a peculiar manner.

"Yes; and I fear I have already trespassed on her patience. Thank thee"—with sudden recollection—"thank thee for thy offer, all the same. Good night!"

They had crossed the tiled hall by this time, and were standing beside the large outer door. The stained-glass lamp cast its rosy light full upon Sibyl's face; but her companion was in the shadow, and, though the little touch of coldness had quite vanished from face and manner as he took her outstretched hand, the intense earnestness of the look which answered her smile of farewell produced an unexpected tremor in the response.

Sibyl turned away, with a painful sense of embarrassment, and with intense consciousness of the searching gaze which followed her; for it was not until she had closed the gate and reached the street itself that the click of the closing door was heard, and the light which had streamed out faded away, and allowed her dazzled eyes to distinguish her friend's figures a few paces distant.

Then came the time of triumph. Caroline was with difficulty persuaded to consent to the apparently uncalled-for course of going round to the back door of her house instead of simply crossing the road to the front entrance, and, to keep her curiosity within bounds until they were safely indoors, she went off into perfect convulsions of laughter over the situation, while her husband, hardly less amused, and full of amazement at the self-possession which had been able to hold its own at such a disadvantage, kept up a constant fire of eager questionings.

"But you have not told us who 'he' was yet," said Mr. Pollard at last. "Did you not manage to find out his name?"

Sibyl shook her head.

"No—how could I? He didn't tell me, and I couldn't exactly ask him. He is Mr. Lee's cousin though—he did say that. Do you know any cousin of his who lives in London?"

"Ah, to be sure! I wonder now if it could possibly be old Ralph Gaskell? He lives in London, I remember. He used to be here with George a good deal at one time, though I don't think I've seen him since we were all school-boys together. What was he like? He was a great lanky lad in those days; but he had a particularly pleasant face."

"Well, this man was very tall and thin, so I daresay he was lanky at that age, and I thought he was decidedly plain at first, until he smiled, and then—I don't think I ever saw such a smile!"

Mr. Pollard waved his hand very energetically.

"Then it was Ralph—yes, of course! I'd forgotten it until you mentioned it, but I can see that smile before me now. What a curious thing your hitting upon him down here, when you have lived close to one another all your lives, and never met! He is rather a rising man at the Bar too, I'm told. Now did he strike you on the whole?"

"Oh, I don't know. He has a nice voice, but I was too much overcome to be able to judge very well."

Sibyl spoke evasively, and rose to leave the room; but Caroline, her curiosity being by no means gratified, hastily interposed.

"Oh, take your bonnet off here, Sibyl! Don't go upstairs. I have a lot of things to ask you yet. Let Jane take your bonnet and shawl."

"I won't be a minute, Carrie. Just let me do my hair, there's a dear—it feels so untidy. I'll be down in a minute and give you all the details."

Sibyl ran upstairs, without waiting for an answer or giving Caroline the chance of accompanying her.

Just for one moment she wanted to be alone, away from even her friend's sympathizing gaze.

Sibyl drew it forward, and, turning up the gas to the utmost, gazed eagerly at her own reflection.

The gray eyes, with their curled lashes, had a new look of intensity as they were reflected in the mirror.

Sybil had never been quite so anxious as to her own appearance before, because, for the first time, she was looking at herself through the eyes of another.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

BY MARY F. SCHUYLER.

Long as you live may friends be true,
Not fickle, though they number few;
Much rather would we never know
Their love, than have them colder grow;
For as we near the other shore,
We always need our friends the more.

There is no heart but hath its woes,
Its summer storms and winter snows;
A thorn oft hidden 'neath a rose,
Its sadness and its glee;
Yet Heaven has in store, I know,
Much sunshine, love, for thee.

Forgotten Words.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

"CAN you tell me, please, whether this is the road to Stretchford?"

It was a mild November morning, sunless, but with sufficient light to make any bit of vivid color stand out in sharp relief against the surrounding grays and browns.

The scene was an English country lane, muddy and narrow, with no house or other sign of human occupation in sight.

The place was altogether so deserted that Maurice Carrington, riding to a distant meet through byways with which he was imperfectly acquainted, felt the sudden apparition of a tall, slim girl—coming through a wicket-gate communicating with a field-path into the lane—quite a godsend.

He checked his horse as he spoke, and bent forward with easy grace to hear what she had got to say.

He saw that she was not a lady; but he was a gentleman, and to be otherwise than courteous to any woman, gentle or simple, was not in his nature.

She hesitated so long, before answering, that he quickly repeated his question.

He little guessed the irreparable mischief that was done, as there broke suddenly upon the startled vision of a simple country maiden the radiant apparition which was never hereafter to leave her haunted senses day or night.

He was the beau ideal of a young Englishman of degree, as he sat his noble hunter, his scarlet coat throwing into bold relief, the handsomest face Bessie Peters had ever seen, or was ever likely to see.

She looked, and looked, and looked again; simply spell-bound beneath the frank gaze of the gray eyes fixed upon hers.

Seventeen though she was, she answered "Yes, sir," as timidly as a little child.

"Oh, then that's all right!" he returned, visibly relieved. "I was afraid I had taken the wrong turning at the cross-roads. So I keep straight on?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how far is it?"

"Three miles, sir."

"Three miles! Thank you. Good-morning!"

And lifting his hat slightly, with a half-smile which revealed beneath the faint moustache of early manhood such treasures, in the way of white and even teeth, as had never before dawned upon Bessie's startled comprehension—good teeth in remote rural districts being the exception rather than the rule—he set off again down the lane, his mind full of his own affairs, and with no thought or remembrance of the girl whose heart was destined to ache for him for many a weary day.

Whilst he was talking to her, his quick eyes had taken in every detail of a slender, unformed figure, dowdily dressed in unbecoming garments not smart enough for a servant, but certainly not those of a lady.

Her features were also unformed; and so small and childish that, although she had rather nice brown eyes, it was assuredly not a face, the mere recollection of which would make the heart of handsome Maurice Carrington, the wealthy young Squire of Grenby, beat faster in all time to come.

She, poor soul, sank down on a big stone by the roadside, and sat there in a dream—such a dream as is only possible at seventeen.

She was not more susceptible than the average of girls.

She had been strictly brought up, and was of a degree in the social scale above that of the vulgar type of young woman, which cannot exchange speech with a gentleman without imagining that he is falling in love with her.

Yet she sat in a maze, a hopeless captive to as mad an infatuation as ever girl experienced to her sorrow.

Again and again she conjured up before her the high-bred face with its entrancing smile; again and again she recalled the perfect grace of the unknown young horseman as he slowly bent down to speak to her.

"Shall I ever see him again?" she asked herself, as, at last, she picked up the basket she had been carrying, and pursued her prosaic way; not without a feeling of strange rapture at the consciousness of living in the same world that he lived in; of being, in however infinitesimal a degree, the fellow-creature of so bright a mortal.

Yet, from the very first, she knew her infatuation to be hopeless. Young as she was, she could not deceive herself on that point.

She knew it was impossible that a finished gentleman—as even her inexperienced eyes at once perceived that this young man must be—would ever bestow a second glance upon little Bessie Peters, the miller's niece.

She had been educated at a cheap school; she was accustomed to associate with common people; she was dowdy, and awkward, and ill-dressed—she had read all her demerits with fatal accuracy in the magic mirror of those fine gray eyes.

"Oh, if I had only been different!" she sighed, as she trudged along in the mire, in the boots which were not like the sixtieth cousins of those varnished ones which fell into such admirable curves on Maurice Carrington's shapely feet. "If I had only been beautiful—and rich—and a lady—perhaps—perhaps——!"

Ah me!

* * * * * *

Graybourne Mill was too prosperous and utilitarian to be picturesque, being the property of a hard-headed old rustic whose sole idea was, to make money.

Bessie's uncle and guardian, John Peters, was a leading man in the little village, and, in the eyes of the neighbors, her lot was a very fortunate one for a penniless orphan girl.

The miller was a widower, and it was well known that Bessie would, in due time, inherit his property, if she only conducted herself so as to please him.

The bucolics were well-advised in putting in this cautious clause, for they had had before their eyes a terrible example in the shape of Bessie's cousin Mary, the miller's only daughter, who, a few years back, had insisted on marrying a strolling actor, rather than endure the awful monotony of village life any longer.

An actor! The good people shuddered with horror at the idea of any respectable girl marrying such a degraded being; and not even the reports which reached the village occasionally, to the effect that she was both happy and prosperous in her new career, could prevent them from looking down upon her as a person who had gone utterly to the bad.

John Peters cursed his runaway daughter with all the fervor of a narrow mind; and the acerbity of temper, which rendered him more feared than beloved in Graybourne, was charitably attributed to "the dreadful troubles he had had, poor man!"

Nevertheless, he looked a stolid, unromantic Briton enough, as Bessie took her place, two hours later, at the dinner-table in the milk kitchen.

She was all overflowing with a secret, shy, exquisite delight; which, for once, rendered her oblivious of the unpolished manner in which her uncle ate and drank, and dipped into the salt-cellar whatever article of cutlery came first.

Bessie's parents had been residents of a great town; she herself had seen enough of manners at school to know that the people of Graybourne were utter Goths; and there was in addition a substratum of natural refinement in the girl which made the red-tiled kitchen, the coarse table-appointments, and her uncle's rough ways very repellent to her.

To-day, too, there was an additional aggravation in the presence of a young farmer, Martin Bowman, a neighbor of theirs, who was Bessie's special detestation.

Round-faced, fair and foolish, he grinned incessantly at everything that went on; and, while he and the miller monotonously discoursed of turnips, after the manner of rustics, her thoughts floated away in a dream.

She pictured her unknown hero sitting down to table amid the glitter of plate and glass, the scents of hothouse flowers, and the soft tread of liveried domestics; and, poor little girl! her heart ached as it had never ached in her short life before.

She was recalled to a sense of present surroundings by an observation of Martin's, who remarked:

"T' young Squoire's coom home," with his mouth full.

Bessie lifted her eyes with a sudden flash of intelligence, for it struck her that her fairy prince might very well be young Carrington of Grenby, the next village, in which was Martin's home.

She had lived long enough at Graybourne to know all the gentry for miles round perfectly by sight; and she listened eagerly for what was to follow.

"What! Young Carrington?" asked John Peters.

"Yes, he's been abroad, completing his eddication! My! Won't he have a mint of money of his own! Good-looking chap too. I met him this mornin', turnin' out o' the Hall gate in pink, goin' to the meet at Stretchford no doubt, for he was mounten on as pretty a bit of horseflesh as I've seen this side Christmas—a bay with black legs."

That settled the identity of the young stranger, for Bessie at once recognized this description of his horse.

"They say madam's so pleased to have her son home again that she's goin' to give a big ball and supper to all the tenants. If she does, will you promise to give me a dance, Bessie?"

"She is not likely to invite me," said the girl coldly.

"Bless you, mother and the girls will be sure to be asked, and what's easier than for you to go wi' us? In a white frock, wi' a red rose in your hair, you'd look real pretty, Bessie," urged the kindhearted young farmer, who was not without a sneaking admiration for this girl, whose subdued tints were in such strong contrast to most of the village belles.

"There are no red roses now," she said, seriously.

"They can be had for money," hinted Martin, significantly; and then John Peters effectually changed the conversation by asking his guest if he had got a good price for the white heifer he sold on Saturday.

When the things had been cleared away by the old woman who attended to the heavier domestic duties of the mill—thereby enabling Bessie to enjoy what the villagers were wont to describe as "a lady's life"—the two men sat down by the fire to smoke their pipes.

Bessie sat for a few minutes, pondering over the entrancing figure which had been dancing before her eyes all day; then rose and hastily donned her dowdy brown hat, saying she was going to see Miss Bertha.

Her uncle offered no opposition, and in a short time the girl had traversed the whole length of the village, and was knocking at the side door of the ivy-covered Rectory—the one aristocratic abode into which she was privileged to enter.

It was a mere form to ask the parlor-maid if Miss Bertha were at home, for the Rector's daughter never went out.

An incurable spinal complaint kept her a close prisoner to her room; and, as her father was a wealthy man, every luxury was lavished upon his only daughter.

It had pleased Bertha Haskett to take rather a fancy to the pale-faced girl in whom her trained eye perceived the germs of better things, and, in a patronizing way, she encouraged her to come to the Rectory, and took some pains to cultivate in her a taste for good literature and occupations of a higher stamp than those which satisfied the other village girls.

It was, perhaps, a doubtful kindness to make the girl more dissatisfied with her lot than she was already; but it was Bertha's whim, and no one dared to say her nay.

The invalid was an intellectual-looking girl of twenty-five, whose blue eyes had the haggard look of suffering.

Her little room was decked with every charming adornment imaginable, and, as she contrasted it with the mill kitchen, its aspect caused Bessie to heave a deep sigh of relief.

"Well, child," began Miss Haskett, kindly enough. "I'm glad to see you. I was wishing some one would come in and enliven my solitude, for father has gone to Wellborough. Take off your hat and sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Bessie blushingly complied, although it was quite out of her power to enjoy the last injunction.

She was never at ease in Miss Haskett's company, for she felt the social gulf between them too deeply; and yet she was happier in Bertha's little sitting-room than in the mill kitchen, though nobody at home noticed whether she was sitting awkwardly, or if her hair was not tidy.

They chatted for a little on village topics, Bessie's demure "Yes, Miss Bertha," and "No, Miss Bertha," scarcely breaking the ripple of the elder girl's monologue. Then Miss Haskett, pointing to a book-case, said:

"Get out the 'French Revolution,' and read me a chapter, Bessie."

Her ill-health prevented her from reading much for herself, as the weakness of her spine also affected her eyes, and Bessie had long been accustomed to act as reader.

She obediently found the volume, and began.

But to-day the tangle of hard words and involved meanings seemed harder than usual, for in her mind's eye she saw nothing but a handsome, boyish face, swimming in a magic haze of scarlet and white.

Presently Bertha checked her with her hand.

"You are evidently not in the humor for Carlyle to-day, Bessie. You read that last page atrociously. Try some poetry instead. There's Tennyson there."

Again Bessie obediently complied, and, being bidden, read "The Lotos-Eaters," and "Mariana," fairly well. And then Miss Haskett said:

"Now give me a little bit of 'In Memoriam,' as a tonic to finish up with."

The girl turned to the poem rather reluctantly, for until then that sublime requiem had been miles above her comprehension.

The simpler sentiments and more commonplace phrases of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and "The May Queen," were better suited to her undeveloped mind.

"Where shall I begin, Miss Bertha?"

"Oh, anywhere," said the invalid, with closed eyes. "I know it all by heart, and it is all beautiful—and true."

Anxious to get her task over, Bessie began where her eye chanced to rest first:

"He passed; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by;
At night she weeps 'How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?'"

Her voice faltered at the end, and she sat silent, filled with thoughts too deep for words.

She had turned to the poem as a mere task, and lo! the master-mind had presented to her, as in a mirror, the living image of herself.

Word for word, line for line, it was all true; just what her life must be from henceforward, as though revealed to her by an inspired prophet.

The ache and the longing, the weariness and discontent, the hopelessness and self-torture; there they all were, focussed in the brief compass of half-a-page.

"Bessie," said Miss Haskett, looking curiously at her thoughtful face, "are you aware that you read that little bit exquisitely? I doubt if the finest actress alive could have put more expression into the words than you did. There, shut the book; we won't have any more to spoil the effect of that. What's the matter, child? Do you know, when you look like that, with your cheeks flushed and your eyes sparkling, you—really—are," with a critical side-movement of the head, "quite pretty?"

The girl impulsively flung herself on her knees beside the couch and seized Miss Haskett's hand.

"Oh, Miss Bertha, do you really mean it? Do you think I shall ever be really, truly pretty?"

"You silly child," rebuked the Rector's daughter. "What does it matter whether you are pretty or not? Handsome is that handsome does. But if you are really curious to know," she added, relenting a little at the sight of Bessie's abashed face, "I may say that when you were reading that bit of Tennyson you were pretty; though, why you were so then, and are not now, is more than I can explain. Now ring the bell, and you shall give me my tea."

Thus coldly relegated to the domain of common-sense, Bessie collected herself, and endeavored to forget her new-born hope of one day being fair enough to please his eyes, in the occupation of preparing Miss Haskett's cup of afternoon tea.

The following day she trudged into the market town to buy a cheap copy of "In Memoriam;" and again and again she pored over the wonderful lines until she knew them by heart.

She made an excuse on Sunday morning to go over to Grenby Church instead of attending their own at Graybourne; and, concealed behind a pillar, watched Maurice Carrington as he brought up the rear of a file of well-dressed people who entered the great Hall-pew.

In his sober Sunday coat he was not the radiant vision he had been in the lane; but his features, if anything, looked handsomer in the subdued light of the painted windows that they had done in the full glare of day; and whatever little hope there was left for Bessie's peace of mind was gone from that hour.

She sat in silent adoration, feasting her eyes upon his face until the blessing was pronounced, and the people streamed out into the churchyard.

The poor moth fluttered round the candle until existence became a burden.

She haunted the neighborhood of Grenby, heedless of weather and personal discomfort; more than rewarded if, hidden behind some tree, or screened by an angle in a wall, she could catch a glimpse of her hero, afoot with his dogs or his gun, or driving his dog cart or mail-phaeton.

The neighbors wondered "what was come to the lass," for she was silent and abstracted in company.

The mere sight of the Hall chimneys, peeping through the trees, would make her foolish heart beat quicker.

She would steal into the park, and, securely hidden from observation, scan the house with its stone portico and long lines of windows, wondering which were his rooms, and whether the colony of rooks in the elms awoke him by their cawing in the morning.

She spent much time, also, with Bertha Haskett, who seemed, in a far-off way, a kind of link between her and Maurice; for the Hasketts and the Carringtons were on terms of intimacy.

Bessie also eagerly seized every opportunity of getting Miss Haskett to correct her country pronunciation, and to give her hints on etiquette and the usages of society.

Bertha laughed at her eagerness to improve herself, but consented to assist her with some really valuable advice; and Bessie felt that every day she was improving both in mind and manners, and, thanks to the care she now took to ameliorate her complexion and her other personal advantages in looks also.

Returning from the Rectory in the dusk of one January afternoon, she found visitors in the mill kitchen—Martin Bowman, and his stout, voluble, good-natured mother.

"Bessie, lass," began the young farmer, in his lumbering way, "I've brought you each good news that you ought to give a chap a kiss."

"Go away, Martin!" she cried, in great indignation, eluding the laughing attempt he had made to seize her in his arms.

"We're not lookin', Bessie; so don't be shy," urged his mother, with rustic playfulness.

"Miss Martin when he wants you, and ha' done wi' it," growled John Peters, from his corner.

But Bessie had long ago resolved that the lips of no man, save one, should ever be permitted to touch her cheek in future, and she resisted so strenuously that Martin

had to give it up, considerably crestfallen at being denied what the free and easy manners of his circle regarded as so trivial a thing.

"Blame it, Bessie, if I'd known you were gettin' so stuck up that you can't spare a kiss for an old friend, I'm blest if I'd ha' taken the trouble to coom to tell you there's goin' to be a grand ball at the Hall, and we're invited, and we want you to coom wi' us—if so be as you are not too proud."

"Proud!" said John Peters, very angrily. "Don't ye fret yourself, Martin. She will come to her senses presently, never fear."

Bessie debated within herself what to do, pleasure and pain being equally present within her at the news—pleasure at the thought of going to Maurice's home; pain at the idea of only being there in a subordinate position in the company of these vulgar Bowmans.

But the wish to see, and, perhaps, speak to Maurice, finally carried the day, and she promised to go, to Martin's unconcealed delight.

Mrs. Carrington, eager to conciliate her neighbors, with a view to Maurice's probable standing for Parliament before long, had strewn her invitations with no sparing hand; and a huge crowd of tenants, tradespeople, and other dependents, with a sprinkling of the gentry of the county, was the result.

It was such a gathering as is only possible in the country; and if the rustic ideas of costume made the hostess bite her lips to hide a smile, her guests in other ways were inoffensive.

Their manners might be boisterous, and their notions of dancing archaic; but they were very ready to be amused, and entered into the spirit of the thing with such zest that it made her labors very easy.

Bessie heart beat fast as she followed her companions into the long ball-room.

Brilliantly lighted and decorated with hot-house plants, it seemed to her like fairy-land.

She had never seen anything so beautiful before.

As if in a dream, she watched Mrs. Carrington, suave and smiling in her black velvet and diamonds, shake hands effusively with Mrs. Bowman, Martin, and the Misses Bowman—two blowsy, giggling girls, whose costumes were about the loudest in the room.

Then Mrs. Bowman pushed her forward, and in confusion she shyly slid her hand into the widow's firm grasp.

She thought that Mrs. Carrington looked rather hard at her, as well she might, at seeing her so totally different from her companions.

Bessie had wisely allowed her innate refinement to govern her choice of a dress, and rejecting the gaudy colors and many trimmings of the Bowman girls, looked, in her simple white muslin, with a red rose presented by Martin, not only pretty but distinguished.

And then the floor seemed to burst into a bloom of roses, and a celestial music sounded in her ears, as the lights swam before her dazzled eyes.

He was coming! Another minute and he was in their midst.

He looked very handsome in his careful evening dress, and more experienced eyes than poor little Bessie's found the young Squire the most attractive object in the room that night.

As he shook hands with her companions, who were old acquaintances, Bessie's famished gaze devoured every inch of his face and figure.

Years after, she could recall every minutest detail: the gardenia in his button-hole, the pattern of his watch-chain, the single eye-glass which dangled over his white waistcoat, the artistic curls of his brown hair, which, had she but known it, were not without assistance from the skilful curling-tongs of his valet.

Bessie thought them more lovely than anything she had ever seen, and would have cheerfully died then and there in order to possess one.

After a good deal of laughing and talking each of the Bowman girls permitted him to inscribe his name on her programme for a dance; and then, to Bessie's great mortification, he hurried off to greet some fresh arrivals, so that she was left out in the cold without so much as a touch of his hand.

She wished she had not come, and angrily snubbed Martin when he tried to make things pleasant for her in his clumsy way.

"I don't know why you're so cross, Bessie; but I can tell you, you look real pretty to-night," observed the young farmer, as they concluded a scurrying polka.

Bessie only tossed her head in reply, with a very bitter sense of her own impotence.

What was the use of looking pretty, if Maurice did not notice her?

She watched him going about the room, chatting to the old women, dancing with the young ones, and more especially with a graceful girl in pink who belonged to the county set, until she wished she had never been born.

Bertha Haskett's pupil was quite out of her element that night.

The vulgarity of the people she knew sickened her; and to watch the great ladies and their cavaliers enjoying themselves, floating easily through the dances of which the rustics made such hard work, rendered her more miserable still.

Fretful and discontented, she repulsed Martin, and the other young men who would have been glad to dance with her; and sighed for the unattainable in the shape of Maurice Carrington.

Her melancholy face, as she sat moping in a corner, at last caught her hostess's eye; and next time she encountered her son, she caught him by the sleeve.

"Maurice, there's a poor little thing there who has scarcely danced at all to-night. Can't you find a partner for her, or give her a turn yourself?"

"I was going to have this one with Dora; and these rustics are so dreadful to dance with," he complained peevishly. "They drag me about all over the place, until I feel quite exhausted. They can't waltz. Galops and polkas are the only things they seem to care for, and I do hate them so."

But he allowed himself to be persuaded by his mother, who led him up to Bessie and introduced him, although she had quite forgotten the girl's name.

When the miller's niece saw the gardenia bending over her, her first wish was that the floor would open and swallow her up.

Then, in desperation, she rose and took his arm.

"It's a polka," he said, resignedly, as the music began. "You can't waltz, I suppose?"

"Yes, I can," she returned quietly.

She had learnt that accomplishment at school.

"We'll waltz it, then," he answered, visibly relieved; and amid the wild gyrations of the rest, that smoothly-gliding couple were a relief to many an eye. They did not talk much; Bessie was too shy, and he was absorbed in thoughts of Dora Yorke, the pretty girl in pink. But it was rapture to Bessie to feel his arm encircling her waist, his firm young fingers grasping her gloved hand; and that dance ever after remained one of the brightest spots in her life.

He took her into the supper-room and supplied her with refreshments, which she was too nervous to enjoy, making conversation the while upon such topics as were best adapted to the comprehension of a simple country maiden.

Then he took her back to the ball-room, where, for the rest of the evening she got on better; for young Carrington, having found out that she waltzed well, introduced her to some of his own particular chums, who patronized the unassuming girl until the Misses Bowman were green with envy at seeing how well little plainly-dressed Bessie was succeeding among the gentlemen.

"Do you feel inclined for another turn?" Maurice carelessly asked, meeting Bessie, on her last partner's arm, in a doorway, as the musicians were playing the opening bars of the concluding dance.

Her foolish heart leaped up as she answered that she should be very happy; basely deserting poor Martin, to whom she had promised this last galop.

She felt so ineffably flattered that Maurice should choose her, of all the girls there, for his partner, that she would not have changed places with any queen alive.

Poor child! He merely asked her because Dora Yorke, to whom he had been engaged, had been obliged to leave early, and all the other girls of his own set were already provided with partners.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself?" he said, pleasantly, as the music suddenly stopped.

She gave one upward glance at him, which struck even him, in the self-absorption of confident young manhood, as peculiar, and answered, breathlessly, "Oh! so much!"

"I am glad to hear it," he affably assured her, as he shook hands; and, mechanically, Bessie followed the Bowmans to the big lumbering vehicle in which they had come.

She said nothing during the drive home, but sat in a dream, alike oblivious of the chaff of the girls about her having "danced with all the swells," and Martin's anger at her cavalier treatment of him.

A pair of gray eyes, a gardenia, a dangling eyeglass, filled all her thoughts.

Her dream was destined to have a rude awakening.

She was to stay a day or two at the farm before returning home, and as she followed her hostess into the small front sitting-room, Martin said, suddenly:

"Have you heard the news, Bessie?"

"What news?" she returned, coldly.

"Why, there's goin' to be a weddin' at the Hall, soon. Th' young Squoire's engaged to Miss Yorke, that young lady in pink everybody saw he is sweet upon, and his mother says they're to be married in April."

"I'm very tired," said Bessie, in a spent voice, as the dingy little room swam round her. "If you don't mind, I think I had better go to bed."

But, when she had safely locked her door upon the outer world, no sleep came to visit her haggard eyes.

On her knees, with her face hidden in the bedclothes, she passed through such an agony as it is given to few girls of seventeen to know.

Her grief, of course, was absurdly irrational, and she felt it to be so, even amid its deepest pangs; but the thought of seeing Maurice married to another woman was more than she could endure.

It was the death-knell of all her hopes; if hopes they could be called, of which she had all along known the utter futility.

It took away all purpose from her life.

There was no use, now, in cultivating her mind, and trying to perfect her manners.

There was nothing left to live for. As long as Maurice remained unmarried she could cherish the illusion that, some day in the future, when by some magical transformation she had become beautiful, accomplished, and in every way worthy of him, he might fall in love with her: but now she could no longer deceive herself.

The dream of her youth would never be realized.

The dead level of village monotony was to be hers all her life, without a glimpse of anything better.

"Unless," thought she at last, as she began to unfasten her crumpled ball-dress, "Unless I leave Graybourne, and try to make a way for myself. But, whatever I do, I will be worthy of him! Even if I can never marry him, I will still be worthy of him! I will raise myself to his level, not sink to that of the people here!"

A great passion must always be unselfish; and the little village girl, had she but known it, was in that moment little less than sublime.

Quixotic, perhaps; but still sublime in her intention never to do anything that might degrade her in the eyes of the man she loved, even though they never met again.

* * * * * *

"I hope she will come. Oh, I do hope and trust she will come, and not disappoint me!"

Thirteen years had gone by since that January night when Bessie Peters had tasted, first, her greatest bliss, and then her greatest sorrow.

Many changes had taken place since then in the social world, and now it was the height of the London season.

It was in her pretty drawing-room in Mayfair, that Lady Caroline Foster uttered the above sentences in the hearing of a little knot of friends, the first arrivals at a "small and early" party at her house.

Lady Caroline was a person of mark in the London world, not because she was an Earl's daughter, and her husband was rich, but because she had the reputation—so desirable for a hostess nowadays—of being able to draw to her house all the celebrities of the hour, whom everybody is anxious to meet.

"We were talking of Miss Delapierre, the actress," she added, as some more dear friends were announced. "She is coming to-night."

A general expression of rapture, with an anxious, "Will she recite?"

"I don't know. I mean to ask her."

"She is a disappointing girl," observed a Roman-nosed dowager, with a shrug. "Do you know, I coaxed her to come to my last At Home—went down on my knees almost—and——"

"But she came! I saw her!" interrupted a pert girl in the background.

"Yes, she came, but she only stayed half an hour, and sat in a corner the whole time without saying a word. When I went up to her to beg her to give us a recitation, or say or do anything to amuse the people, she said she was tired, and I really must excuse her. Wasn't it a shame? And after I had told everybody that Miss Delapierre was going to recite!"

"These great actresses must be allowed their whims, Duchess," observed the hostess, with scant commiseration in her voice.

Her Grace's meanness was very well known.

"Well, all I can say is, that if I had my way, these impertinent young persons would be put in their proper place, and kept there!" acrimoniously retorted the dowager, as she swept across the room to greet some acquaintances on the other side.

"She certainly is an odd girl," remarked another lady in the group. "Fancy refusing the Duke!—the greatest catch in England—and finally, too!"

"He was awfully cut up about it, for he was quite in earnest. And there was the Prince, too——"

"Pooh! Who would care for a morganatic marriage? But the Duke was different. It's a good joke, though—the man all the girls have been angling for in vain, caught at last—by a woman who won't have a word to say to him!"

"Miss Delapierre must be mad," was the final conclusion of the pert girl, before the little group dispersed for the evening.

It was very late, and the rooms were crowded, before a stir at the door and a general sensation among the guests heralded the arrival of Miss Delapierre.

The crowd was too great for dancing, and the time had been whiled away with music, recitations, and thought-reading; and the jaded guests turned to contemplate the arrival of the great actress as a welcome break in the monotony.

For three seasons, the name of Elizabeth Delapierre had been in everybody's mouth; not for her escapades, but as an actress who, after a long and arduous training in the provinces, had suddenly taken the London stage by storm in a new piece, and had since held the public in thrall by her beauty and her genius.

Yet, despite her spinsterhood, and the personal attractions which brought all the men abjectly to her feet, her reputation had remained absolutely flawless. No breath of scandal had ever touched her name.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A RANCHER near Hawthorne, Nev., who owns a good many porkers, found a recently-born litter of pigs among his herd the other day, all of which were covered with fur, instead of bristles.

Scientific and Useful.

CANNING MILK.—Milk may be canned just as you would can fruit. Bring the milk to the boiling point and fill your jars to the brim with it; then shut air tight. This will keep any length of time, and be just as good when opened as when it was put up.

NIGHT-LIGHT.—A Russian naval officer has invented a method of searching the sea or coast at night, which does not reveal the position of the ship. A mortar fires a buoyant shell containing a compound which ignites on reaching water and lights up the surrounding area.

VARNISHING FOR IRON OR STEEL.—The following varnish will maintain its transparency and the metallic brilliancy of articles will not be obscured: Dissolve ten parts of clear grains of mastic, five parts of camphor, five parts of elemi in a sufficient quantity of alcohol, and apply without heat.

FAST TIME.—A new scheme of transportation is to be introduced between New York and Boston whereby, it is said, large packages of mail and even cars containing passengers can be whisked from one place to another, a distance of 230 miles, in less than an hour. This would be equal to a speed of four miles per minutes. The machine consists of a magnetic car, hanging from a single rail, where follows a streak of electricity. With one horse power it is said that one ton can be thus transported a distance of 1440 miles a day at a cost of 30 cents. The scientific principle involved is said to be that by which a hollow coil of insulated wire will draw a magnet into itself.

SHOAL-WATER.—An electrical shoal-water indicator has been invented by two Mexicans. It consists of a strong cylinder filled with shot, so that when hung by a cable from a ship it will remain perfectly upright in the water. Imbedded in its centre is a glass or vulcanite tube half full of mercury, the two ends being closed by metallic plates, which are in communication by insulated wires carried by the cable with an electric battery and bell on the deck of a ship. The action of the apparatus is as follows: When a vessel approaches shallow water the cylinder drags on the ground below, and is consequently no longer upright, but thrown on its side. This causes the mercury in the tube to touch both the metallic plates attached to that tube, as above explained. The electrical circle thus becomes complete, and the warning bell on the ship instantly rings.

Farm and Garden.

MUSHROOMS.—Mushrooms are always salable and can be grown in any dark room or cellar that is kept at a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees. The mushrooms spawn can be procured at all seed stores.

YOUNG HORSES.—To break young horses from chewing harness or anything that happens to be near them, soak some old strap with a strong tea made of Cayenne pepper and hang them within easy reach of the youngsters. This is generally effective.

WEEDS.—Weeds make excellent green manure if turned under. A rank growth of weeds indicates fertile land, but such land can be exhausted by removing weeds as by removing a regular crop. It will pay therefore, to turn the weeds under and let them rot in the ground.

FLOWERS.—Fine, rich compost, or rich earth, is the best fertilizer for flowers. Roses should be cultivated by raking the surface of the ground around them. It injures some varieties to stir the ground deep. Superphosphate is an excellent fertilizer for shrubs and other hardy bloomers.

FOOT ROT.—Foot rot is not as prevalent as formerly. This is due to the sheep being kept on dry ground instead of given only the wet pastures, as before. Sheep should invariably have shelter at night, but they object to being confined in a close building. An open shed, with a dry floor should be provided.

SOIL.—Soil which is properly drained, and which is good for corn, will generally be found good for peaches, plums and grapes. The same soil should be richer for apples, quinces and pears than for stone fruits. A light, sandy loam is best. The lighter the soil the earlier the trees will bear and the sooner they will be apt to fail.

POULTRY.—By far the greater part of poultry diseases are on the outside, and their names are ben lice and mites of spiders. The best remedies are buhach and kerosene, the former to be used on the fowls and the latter on the perchs, in the nests and in the whitewash. These two substances give us absolute control of the insects that infest poultry and poultry houses, and consequently control of the so-called diseases resulting from insects.

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicines," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive metamorphosis of tissue. . . . . I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

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Tests of Character.

Morality is not a thing of magnitude, but of quality. Right is right and wrong is wrong as really in a small matter as in a great affair.

We are so apt to judge from consequences, indeed, that we frequently account that the greatest sin from which the largest results appear to follow; while we make little or nothing of the evil which does not seem to us to be linked to important issues.

But no character of actions has to be judged altogether apart from their consequences, and, when we weigh them thus, we see that evil in little things is just as really evil as it is in greater.

Character is more correctly indicated through little things than through great. For a man gets himself up on great occasions, and in so far as he puts this strain upon himself he ceases to be truly himself. In little things there is no such constraint upon him, and his real self becomes apparent.

You get the best likeness of a man when he is unconscious that you are taking it. Hence it is that so many photographic portraits are stiff, stately, unnatural and altogether different from their originals. The "sitter" knew that his likeness was being taken, and he tried to look his best, thereby failing to be natural and just himself.

Now it is the same in moral things. It is when one is unconscious of making any effort that he is most thoroughly himself.

If you want to know the character of a man, you will not ask what he is on state occasions and review days, when he is upon his guard; but you will follow him to his home, and mark what he is to his wife, or his children.

In the little details of domestic life he will unconsciously reveal himself; and this revelation, just because of its unconsciousness, is infallibly correct.

Perigeaux, the French author, showed his shrewdness when he read the careful character of Laffite, the banker, through such a tiny thing as the stooping to pick up a pin from the garden walk; and those old Christians were wise in their generation who detected a spy in their cave from the fact that he did not ask a blessing on the food which their kindness set before him. Now it is thus that we are revealing our characters every day.

No man ever became heinously wicked all at once. The revelation of character may be sudden, but its growth is gradual; and when the world is startled by the intelligence of some dreadful crime it will usually be found that the person who had been guilty of it has been for long years descending step by step to the depth of infamy which he has reached.

Two different lines of rails leading from the same station may run very near to each other at the first; but at length the divergence may be so great that half a continent may lie between the termini.

So the paths of right and wrong may seem to be at the outset almost parallel; but at last the end of the one is at the throne of Heaven, and that of the other in the place of Woe.

Yet the distance is passed over in single steps, each of which seems only a little thing to him who is taking the fatal journey.

At the outset, with much shrinking of heart and upbraiding of conscience, one small evil is committed; but, this step taken, the foot is already lifted for a second, which seems no greater than that which went before; and so, by degrees, the sinner presses forward in his career of wickedness.

There is no security save in withstanding beginnings. Especially be on your guard against depreciating the importance of conscientiousness in small affairs; for by the commission of minor evils the enamel of the conscience is broken, and its sensitiveness may be ultimately destroyed.

When a merchant has a vacancy in his establishment, he promotes to it that one of his servants who in the post which he has been occupying has displayed the greatest measure of fidelity and perseverance. Those who generaly fill best the spheres in which they have been placed are, in general, those who are in the long run advanced to higher positions; while they who despise the small things of their present duties are left to sink into still deeper obscurity.

This is not, indeed, invariably the case in this life, for there are anomalies in the present dispensation which are to us inscrutable; but all these shall disappear hereafter, and those who have been most faithful in the least things of the present life shall have the loftiest spheres of service in the life that is to come.

Used with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts.

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature, when he hears so many new tones, all musical, sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that nature has laid for each the foundations of a divine building, if the soul will build thereon.

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud tack which had darkly besieged his day.

Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which from the first to the last offer no valley of repose. Wherever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus, pushing his little stone up some Lilliputian mole-hill. This is our world.

Humility is not a weak and timid quality. It must be carefully distinguished from a groveling spirit. There is such a thing as an honest pride and self-respect. We should think something of our humanity, and not cast it under men's feet. Though we may be servants of all, we should be servile to none.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.

Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases and as much as he pleases; he will never know anything of it except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much if we say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man? Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?

Be careful that you believe not hastily strange news and strange stories; and be much more careful that you do not report them, though at the second hand; for if it prove an untruth (as commonly strange stories prove so), it brings an imputation of levity upon him that reports it, and possibly some disadvantage to others.

If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble; for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none but by itself; the voice of humility is God's music, and the silence of humility is God's rhetoric. Humility enforces where neither virtue nor strength can prevail nor reason.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

There is scarce any lot so low but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances—which make him, if not happy, at least resigned.

Of all the ingenious mistakes into which erring man has fallen, perhaps none have been so pernicious in their consequences, or have brought so many evils into the world, as the popular opinion that the way of the transgressor is pleasant and easy.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are traveling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection; simplicity turns to God; purity unites with and enjoys Him.

If any man think it is a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well.

It has been well observed that the tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth.

We move too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our vital individuality enough; we are slaves to fashion, in mind and in heart, if not to our passions and appetites.

It is the goodly outside that sin puts on which temptеth to destruction. It has been said that sin is like the bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.

A man really and practically looking onwards to an immortal life, on whatever grounds, exhibits to us the human soul in an ennobled attitude.

The thinker requires exactly the same light as the painter; clear, without direct sunshine, or blinding reflection, and, where possible, from above.

Honor is but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.

The World's Happenings.

"Raw veal" is the delightfully poetic name of a new shade of pink.

An Iowa woman has successfully buried three husbands named Smith.

They take three or four drowned bodies out of the rivers at New York every day.

Mr. Zapher, of Inwood, N. Y., died recently from measles. He was 75 years of age.

A Minnesota woman dislocated her jaw in yawning, and had to ride 25 miles to a physician.

A Frenchman has published a book devoted to oranges and the variety of deserts they make.

White lead is now made from the ore in a few hours. By the old process it took several months.

A goat at Goshen, Indiana, stole two twenty-dollar notes from her owner's coat pocket and ate them.

Al Shattier, Cincinnati's veteran "newsboy," has retired from the business with a fortune, it is said, of $60,000.

A nine-and-a half pound lobster was taken in Cape Ann, Mass., waters recently. It measured 15 inches from snout to tail.

According to statistics just issued there were 1,401,382 barrels of apples exported from the United States and Canada during the season of 1888-89.

An Ohio church deacon exclaimed, "Consarn it all to Texas!" and the verdict of the church investigation was, "Not guilty, but in bad taste."

The Marquis of Donegal recently stated in the Bankruptcy Court that his liabilities amounted to $2,394,625, and his total income to only $2,400 a year.

A woman living near Freehold, N. J., nearly 80 years old, claims she has traveled but once on the cars, never saw a steamboat, and was never more than 20 miles from home.

A young woman created a sensation at Bridgeport, Conn., recently by entering the smoking car of a train and deliberately lighting and smoking a package of cigarettes.

A newspaper of Stamford, Conn., tells of a couple who have fourteen children down with scarlet fever. The medicine is mixed in a pitcher, the ordinary bottle being too small.

A lunatic who escaped from his caretakers entered a church in West Cornwall, Conn., and, after vigorously ringing the bell, lighted all the gas and attempted to play the organ.

The Germans are still greatly interested in the larynx. At the Surgical Congress in Berlin recently more than one instance was shown of the entire removal of the larynx and subsequent ability to speak.

Adelar Fascette, sitting on the bank of the river at Chippewa Falls, Wis., was taken with an apoplectic fit, rolled into the river and was drowned before the eyes of the friends with whom he had been chatting.

At the performance of a melodrama at Ashton, England, an excited woman threw her bonnet and umbrella at the "villain" on the stage, when he was strangling one of the characters, but failed to save his victim.

A citizen of Lynn, Mass., has entered a protest before the School Board of that place against the use of a certain text book, on the ground that the smallness of the type in which it was printed proved injurious to his daughter's eyes.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., horse railway company has just disposed of a horse that has traveled 54,000 miles on the road in that city, having been in the service of the company 10 years. During all that time it has been sick but four days.

John Healy, of Columbus, O., going in swimming with some companions, dived into 20 feet of water and never came to the surface. When his body was recovered it was found entangled in the meshes of a lot of loose wire, into which he had plunged and which had held him down.

A romantic couple in Indiana were married on horseback in the middle of the road, and then took a gallop into the country in lieu of a bridal trip. The bride, who is only 16, suggested the horse feature, and insisted that both animals be coal black. There was no opposition to the union.

A Boston girl, whose gallant on a ride, contrary to her wish, insisted on stopping at a tobacconist's for a cigar, took advantage of his leaving her mistress of the situation and the vehicle to drive to her paternal abode, in front of which the abandoned one, some hours afterwards, found his conveyance.

Peter Stein, of St. Paul, walking along a bluff near Vermillion Falls, Minn., with two young ladies, was asked by one of them to pick her a sprig of honeysuckle blossoms that hung over the precipice. He held to the limb of a tree as he reached over for the flower, the limb broke and he fell 40 feet to the rocks and was killed.

A remarkable accident occurred at the Exchange Hotel, in Columbus, O., recently. A colored child, about 3 years old, fell into a light well leading to the basement of the hotel, which is occupied as a barber shop. In its fall it struck a window, breaking the sash and shattering the glass. A barber, who was shaving a customer near the window, was so startled by the crash that he jumped suddenly, cutting a piece off the nose of the man he was shaving. The child was not injured.

The town clerk of New Haven received as a visitor a few days ago an unknown collie dog with a letter in his mouth. The note was signed "Jimmy Brown" by "his mark," and read as follows: "Dear Sir—I have been so busy chasing cats and barking at newsboys lately that I have not been able to apply for a renewal of my license. Please renew license No. 208, and find fees enclosed." A postscript was added as follows: "I am a black, tan and white collie, and George F. Eaton of No. 70 Sachem street belongs to me and is responsible for my conduct."

RICHES.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Pray, what are riches, can you tell?
Let humble prayers be mine;
For neither wealth nor poverty
My heart could e'er enshrine.

Contentment brings continual feasts;
Ambition often falls
To bear the loss of sudden wealth,
That deep despair entails.

True friendship is the sterling gold
Of life—the sweetest prize;
It warms the cold and hungry heart
With fire that never dies!

"We Fell Out."

BY S. A. W.

WE spent our honeymoon at St. Bridgets-super-Mare, and as a natural consequence we quarrelled.

Now that I have the opportunity, I should like, once for all, to raise my protest against the modern fashion which sends a newly-married pair off to spend their honeymoon in some secluded country spot, just because some wealthy relation has, as the newspapers say, "kindly lent his mansion for the occasion."

If the refinements of modern civilization do not permit you to carry your bride straight to your own tent, in the name of common-sense and prudence take her to London or Paris, or some place where a variety of scenes and outside interests will prevent her from finding out too quickly that her beloved Edwin has his faults like the rest of mankind.

If the following short account of the result of a quiet honeymoon should cause even one rash couple to pause before they commit themselves to the same fatal course that we pursued, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

My marriage with Celia Dobson was not looked upon with much favor by the greater part of my relations. We Blundells are, most of us, proud of our family and ancestors. We claim to be the direct descendants of the Blondel who serenaded Cœur de Lion outside his prison window.

With the exception of this incident, I never could find out that my ancestors had ever distinguished themselves in any other way; but my Aunt Matilda, who had acted as guardian to me since my father's death, never lost an opportunity of impressing upon me that we Blundells were second to none in point of blood and descent.

I can see now the air of conscious pride and self-satisfaction with which she always spoke of "the Family" (always with a capital F), or settled any vexed question of etiquette by quoting whatever had been from time immemorial the custom of the Blundells with regard to the subject under discussion.

It was therefore a shock of no ordinary kind when I announced my intention of marrying Celia Dobson.

The Dobsons were in trade. That was enough—more than enough for Aunt Matilda.

She wept, she entreated, she implored me not to sully the glory of the Blundell escutcheon by allying myself with one who probably could not enumerate her ancestors for further back than a paltry century.

But her expostulations were all in vain. I was my own master. I was head over ears in love with Celia, and I considered that I was, on the whole, the best judge of what would be likely to add to my happiness; and having informed Aunt Matilda that I intended to please myself on this occasion, and further added that it was an honor to the Blundells to have such an angel as my Celia introduced among them, I left her to mourn over my degenerate wilfulness and to prophesy that no good would come of it.

Our wedding took place in May—a proverbially unlucky month—but we both of us scorned such superstition.

Our original intention had been to spend a fortnight of our honeymoon in Paris and the remaining fortnight in London; but some short time before our wedding-day Matthew Dobson, Celia's great-uncle and god-father, must needs take it into his head to offer us the loan of his villa at St. Bridgets-super-Mare.

I was at first for refusing it with thanks, but Celia's mother, whether from the fact that she had expectations from Uncle Matthew and was afraid of offending him, or from an idea that it was the fashionable thing to do, pressed Celia to accept; and I—I was far too happy to care very much where I went, so long as Celia went with me.

So to St. Bridgets we went. I must say the weather was most unkind to us.

The two first days of our stay at Montenotte (as Mr. Dobson had called his villa) were days of continual rain, utterly precluding any idea of leaving the house; and when the third day came and there was still no sign of a clear, I began to regret that I had given up our Paris plan so easily.

The house was comfortable enough, but to me, who have always been to a mild extent a follower of the æsthetic school, the style of furniture was depressingly ugly.

The royal blue repp curtains of the drawing-room, and the corner brackets covered with emerald green velvet, and trimmed with macrame lace, set my teeth on edge.

The walls were spattered with plates, most of them of absolutely worthless china, and Mr. Dobson's artistic proclivities were further evidenced by a badly-modelled alabaster Cupid and Psyche under a glass shade in the middle of a large mahogany table, and an undoubted (!) Carlo Dolci Holy Family which hung over the fireplace, carefully shrouded from view by a red moreen curtain.

As I look back to that room in my mind's eye, I consider that I had some excuse for feeling out of temper!

I do not think I should have been so much aggravated by my surroundings, if I could have, so to speak, "let off steam," by expressing my horror of them to Celia.

But she appeared quite satisfied, even delighted with everything; and I ask any married man if there is anything more trying to moral fibre than to see the wife of your bosom calmly, placidly good-tempered, when you yourself are seething with suppressed ill-humor?

I made one attempt to improve matters by suggesting that it might be a good plan if we were to put away in some box the white crochet antimacassars with which the drawing-room was plentifully adorned until we were going away.

But Celia look puzzled.

"What a funny idea, Dick!" she said. "Why should you want to do that?"

"They will get so dirty, you know," I prevaricated feebly.

"But, you stupid boy, they will wash beautifully! Uncle Matt would never have left them here if he did not wish us to use them."

I saw she was hopelessly contented, and walked away to the window with my irritation driven inwards, and therefore, like a rash under the same circumstances, much more dangerous.

Whatever poets may say, May is not a pleasant month, especially by the sea-side. As I looked out now, I saw before me a dull gray world. Heavy gray clouds overhead, a heaving, gray expanse of sea below.

The tide was out, and to right and left stretched away as far I could see a long reach of sandy shore—pleasant enough, doubtless, in summer-time, but now looking drearily uninteresting, as the waves broke on it with a monotonous, melancholy swish.

A cold north-easterly wind was driving the rain against the windows, and the trees bowed and swayed and flung up their arms, as though mourning for the early fate of their beautiful young leaves, which the wind was recklessly tearing from the parent stem and strewing on the ground.

"No going out for us again to-day as far as I can see," I said gloomily.

Celia sighed sympathetically.

"It is too bad, isn't it?" she said. "And I had set my heart on a ride with you, Dick! Wasn't it kind of Uncle Matt to send down his two horses for us? I do love riding, don't you, Dick?"

She walked over to the window and passed her hand carelessly through my arm; but I was longing for a plausible grievance, and the fact of not being able to find one made me twice as irritable as before.

As she seemed to expect an answer, I said, with that particular "dumpy" sound in my voice which is so discouraging to an interlocutor:

'Oh, I like riding well enough when I have good horses."

"Well, I am sure Uncle Matt's——" she began, but I cut her short.

"Your Uncle Matt's horses are a couple of old screws. I went to look at them in the stable yesterday."

She looked vaguely bewildered at the tone of my voice.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Dick? Has anything annoyed you?"

Here was my opportunity.

"Anything annoyed me!" I burst out. "Isn't it enough to annoy any fellow, to be cooped up in a confounded hole like this, with nothing but that beastly sea and sand to look at outside, and a room like this to live in?"

Celia looked hurt and indignant, and I saw the glimmer of coming tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter with the room?" she asked. "I am sure I see nothing to grumble at. I do not think I ever was in a nicer room than it is!"

"Very likely! But, my dear Celia," I continued, with a patronizing tone, which must have been infinitely harder to bear than even my simple bad temper—"My dear Celia, I am afraid you have still a great deal to learn in the matter of artistic taste."

And I looked round the room with an expression of lofty contempt.

"Oh, as far as artistic taste goes, Dick, I am sure you are wrong, for Uncle Matt is ever so artistic. .Why he draws and paints himself!"

"I have no doubt he is a second Raphael," I sneered, "but he does not know how to choose his carpets and curtains! Look at that!" and I shook the folds of blue repp savagely; "and that!" and I kicked viciously at one of the blue roses which, with a yellow flower as yet unknown to botanists, meandered over the carpet in profusion. "Do you mean to say you do not see the awful vulgarity of it? But," returning once more to the enragingly patronizing tone, "you are a Blundell now, my dear Celia, and you must just try to forget everything you ever learnt as a Dobson as fast as ever you can."

Celia fired up with an unexpectedness which took me aback.

"If you are going to say nasty things about my family, Dick, I shall certainly not stay to listen to you. If you think so little of the Dobsons I wonder you married one of them! And as to forgetting all I ever learnt as a Dobson——" By this time the angry tears were running down her cheeks—— "There is one thing I was taught, which I should be very sorry to forget, though it seems to have been left out of your education, and that is gratitude."

My heart and my conscience both smote me at these words. I said nothing, and she turned from the window and resumed her work with feverish energy.

I could see by the agitated way in which the needle was stuck into the material and then snapped out again, that her feelings were very considerably ruffled.

I made one or two attempts at starting a new topic of conversation, but was met with chilling monosyllables.

At last I said:

"Celia, dear I am sorry if I offended you just now. I should not have been so cross if my digestion had not been upset by being shut up for nearly three days without exercise, and eating too much wedding-cake!"

I tried to finish my sentence with a semi-jocose expression. But I got no answering smile from Celia.

"It would be much better to saddle the right horse, Dick," she said sternly, "and say that your temper got the better of you. We Dobsons may be a very inferior, vulgar race, but thank goodness we have not got the Blundell temper!"

"Oh, very well," I said, shortly. "I see you wish to quarrel—so I shall leave you to yourself to recover your temper, Dobson or Blundell, whichever it may be!" And I walked out of the room slamming the door after me, and feeling half sorry and half glad that Celia had scorned the olive branch of reconciliation I had held out to her.

I now had a fairly plausible grievance—at least I thought I had—and I thrust my arm into my macintosh and took my umbrella out of the stand, with a grim satisfaction in the thought that by going out in weather like this—driven out into it by my wife's obstinate refusal to make friends—I should probably catch a bad cold. All the dramatic possibilities of this imaginary cold flittered before my mind's eye in pleasing succession—chills to the liver—pleurisy—rheumatic fever.

'Perhaps she will be sorry then!" I muttered to myself as I shut the hall-door behind me, and walked ostentatiously under the drawing-room windows, whistling as I went, and striving to impart to my features a perfectly unconcerned, amiable expression. I thought I heard a tap at the window, and my name called, but I would not look up, and strode on with as much dignity as I could command.

Once out of view of the windows, I paused to consider in which direction I should go to look for the pleurisy and rheumatism which were to bring my erring wife to a sense of her misdoings.

I might either go down to the sands, which as far as I could see outlined the coast under the dark overhanging cliffs, or I might follow the main road which passed through the straggling village on into the country beyond. We had come by it the night of our arrival at St. Bridgets, and I had a vague remembrance of somewhat monotonous undulating downs. But just at this moment the relative merits of inland and coast scenery interested me comparatively little. "I'll toss up," I said to myself. "Heads the road—tails the sands."

Heads it was, so off I set along the road. I passed through the village and walked on for some distance, mentally anathematizing Matthew Dobson for having decoyed me in into such a dead-alive kind of place. Nothing could be more depressingly commonplace than this well-kept road, with its close-cropped downs on each side, and its telegraph poles recurring at regular intervals:

But any great wealth of scenery would have been thrown away upon me just then, for all my faculties were employed in a hand-to-hand encounter with the elements.

The wind seemed to take a malicious pleasure in trying to tangle up in my macintosh by driving the flapping tails in between my legs, and by getting under the cape and whirling it over my head and about my ears in a most bewildering fashion.

Then, no sooner had I reduced my cape to comparative submission than a stronger gust than before lifted my hat off my head and sent it spinning along the road in front of me.

I know no time when a man looks more thoroughly ridiculous than when he is in pursuit of a runaway hat. With that fiendish delight it waits until you have actually stooped to pick it up, and then how aggravatingly it bounds and skims on for a few more paces, only to repeat the same process; until some kindly eddy carries it into a corner from which it cannot escape!

No less than three times did the wind play me this nasty trick, and at last in desperation I drew out my silk handkerchief and tied it securely over the refractory head gear and under my chin, painfully conscious of what my appearance must be, and devoutly thankful that by no possibility could Celia see me from the villa windows. With such a get-up dignity was incompatible, and I had come to the conclusion that a mixture of dignity and injured innocence was the most fitting attitude for me to adopt towards her.

I was now able to look about me with tolerable comfort. I was going up a slight incline in the road. On each side of me were the unvarying, undulating downs, but certainly the road was considerably narrower than that upon which I had set out to walk on leaving the village, and the telegraph poles, which I had then noticed, were now conspicuous by their absence. I was puzzled to account for this at first, but then remembering the chases after my hat, I came to the conclusion that in the excitement of one of them I must have strayed off the main road on to a side one.

I was all the better pleased. I was sure to meet someone, or to pass some cottage where I could ask my way home, and, in the meantime, the uncertainty as to my whereabouts gave just that element of interest to my walk that had been wanting before.

Altogether I felt in better spirits. I had walked off my bad temper to a great extent, and began to think that perhaps, after all, I had been a trifle unreasonable and rude to Celia. A feeling of remorse at having left her all alone in the stupid little villa took possession of me, and I would have turned straight back by the way I had come to seek for reconciliation, if a sudden bend of the road had not brought me unexpectedly in view of the sea.

I must have been walking in something of a ring, and I also must have been gradually ascending since I left the village, for now I found myself on the top of one of the cliffs, overlooking the sands.

The road here took a sudden dip, and apparently led down to the shore by a series of rather steep zig-zags.

It would now, it seemed to me, be much shorter to make my way home by the shore. At any rate there was a cottage a little way down the hill, and I could find out there which was my best way to get back to St. Bridgets.

I was pleased to see, as I looked round, that on all sides there were the signs of a clear-up on the part of the weather.

The wind seemed to have gone round to some more favorable point, for though still blowing hard, it did not now bring with it

the driving showers of rain. The clouds out to windward were lifting, and there was even every now and then a gleam of sunshine.

The fresh salt smell of the sea weed, which was wafted up to me where I was standing, was invigorating, and the occasional scream of a sea gull as it dipped up and down on an incoming wave, had a peculiar charm of its own which I could not help being conscious of.

I hurried down to the little cottage. The door was ajar. I knocked but got no answer.

So I pushed it open, and saw, seated before the fire, an old woman, who apparently did not hear my entrance, for she went on with her knitting, without even turning her head.

"Good evening, ma'am," I said.

Still no sign that she heard me. I walked over to her and gently touched her arm. She started round then, and her ball of worsted jumped off her lap and rolled on the floor. I picked it up for her.

"Can you tell me which is the nearest way to St. Bridgets?" I asked.

"Eh?" she answered, putting her hand to her ear.

"Which is the shortest way to St. Bridgets?" I reiterated louder.

"Aye! thee must speak louder if thee wants me to hear. I'm an old 'ooman—ninety-one come Michaelmas, and I'm deaf these twenty years and more. Nay! nay!" as I made another equally fruitless attempt to make myself heard: "if there's aught thee wants to know, thee'd best go down to the shore. Bill, he's there, and a fine lad he is, though I says it as shouldn't, being his mother. I'm an old 'ooman, I am—ninety-one come Michaelmas, and——"

I did not wait for further reminiscences. I saw it was useless to elicit further information from her, and set off down to the shore, trusting to find "Bill" and to get more lucid directions from him as to my best way home.

I had not walked far along the sand when I came upon "the fine lad," a gray-haired man of about fifty, who was at work repairing a boat that was hauled up on the shore.

"Whereabouts is St. Bridgets, and can you kindly tell me the best way to get to it?" I asked him.

He stopped in his work, and looked up at me from under the brim of his "Sou'-wester."

"Aye, aye, sir! I can tell you right enough. St. Bridgets lies just round that point of land as you seen before you there."

"Thank you," I said. "Then of course it will be much quicker for me to walk along the sands than to go back by the road by which I came—down past your cottage?"

"Not a bit of it, sir! You will just have to go back the way you came."

"But, my good man, that point of land can't be much more than five hundred yards off, and if St. Bridgets is only a little the other side of it, it must take me a shorter time to go this way than to return all that long way by the road!"

"For all that, sir, it is by the road you must go. I see you're a stranger here, sir, or you wouldn't talk so calm of walking to St. Bridgets over the Witches' Sands, the awfulest quicksands along the coast. The Lord help you, for no one else could, if you got into those sands!"

"Quicksands!" I said with a gasp, as I thought that only for my chance meeting with this man I should, in all probability, have walked on unconsciously to an awful doom. "Do they lie between us and the point?"

"Yes, sir."

I looked along the level sands. The rain had quite stopped. The sun was low down on the horizon, and the wet sand was gleaming in the setting rays.

Here and there the retreating tide had left pools of water behind it, and in these I could see the reflection of the pale yellow band of light, in the middle of which the sun was sinking to rest.

To my eyes it all seemed one long even stretch—with nothing to tell of the treacherous sands which were waiting to swallow up the unwary traveller.

"Ah, sir! you might look a long while afore you'd see the Witches' Sands," said Bill, interpreting my puzzled expression. "There's but the one mark you can steer by—Heaven's danger signals, I calls them. Do you see, sir, a white mark there down the face of the rock, about one hundred yards this side of the point, and another mark the same about one hundred and fifty yards along from where you are standing now? Well! you're safe enough so long as you don't get inside either of them. They're some sort of white moss as grows down the cliff, and only for them there's many a one would have lost his life. There's some of them foolhardy chaps as don't seem happy unless they're putting their precious lives in danger, wi'out givin' a thought to the mother or wife that's maybe dependin' upon them, as has climbed the whole way along the face of the cliff, round to St. Bridgets. But you see, sir, the cliff hangs over a good bit, and 'tis nasty shaley stuff as gives no grip for hand and feet, and if it gives way under you—down you go, straight on to the quicksands, and then nothing but a miracle could save you."

"Well," I said, "it is most fortunate I met you here, for I should most certainly have tried to find my way home across the sands. It is a great shame the authorities do not put up a notice-board to warn people of their danger."

"Aye, sir! there was a warning-board up all through the summer, but the first storm in the winter carried it away; and you see, sir, it's only once in a way as visitors comes here afore June or July; so I suppose as how they thought it wasn't worth while to put it up so soon like. And so——"

He stopped short and shaded his eyes from the dazzle of the setting sun.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "What is that? Can you see, sir? My sight is not so good as it was.—Is that anybody riding round the point?"

A sudden, sickening presentiment came over me. My heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stand still. I shaded my eyes, too, and gazed out to the point.

One look was enough. I sprang forward with a scream.

"Stop! Stop!" I shouted.

For in that one glance I had recognized beyond doubt the outline of Uncle Matt's ewe-necked mare, silhouetted with painful distinctness against the pale yellow of the sky; and riding her—slowly in our direction—a lady who could be no other than Celia.

The concentrated agony of years seemed to be all crowded into that moment of time. "Man!" I cried, clutching Bill by the shoulder: "that is my wife! My wife, I tell you!" Then, letting him go, I waved my arms wildly. "Go back! Go back!" I called.

The wind blew the words down my throat. And still I could see Celia slowly but surely approaching the white mark—"Heaven's danger signal!"

With no distinct idea of what I meant to do, I was beginning to run towards the advancing rider, still waving my arms as though to push her back from her awful fate. Bill caught me by the sleeve.

"What are you doin,' sir? You won't save her that way. If she sees you at all she'll more likely think you are beckoning her on than telling her to go back. There's only one thing you can do, sir. Run for your life till you get within a couple of yards of the mark nearest us—then take to the rocks, the way I was telling you just now; and mayhap—maphap you'll get across in time."

I heard no more. I had torn off my coat and hat and was flying along towards the white mark at racing speed.

It did not take me long to reach the spot where I must leave the sands for the rocks. Before beginning my perilous climb, I cast one hasty glance in Celia's direction. Was I already too late? No! thank God!

An hysterical sob of joy rose in my throat as I saw that some whim of the moment had induced her to stop in her onward way, in order to try to oblige her horse to walk into the sea.

I had just time to see that the horse was restive and kept backing away from the advancing waves into which she was evidently bent on urging it, and then my whole energies of mind and body had to be concentrated on the difficulty of making my way along the shaley face of the cliff.

Rising straight up from the sand for about twenty feet was a sheer, smooth slab of rock, which afforded absolutely no foothold, but above this came the strata of shale along which I was scrambling as best as I could.

The overhanging cliff above me looked as though it were longing to fall over and push me down—down on to the horrible, hungry sands below.

The shale cut my hands, and broke away from under my feet at each step, and all the time there was the haunting fear that I should be too late; that before I should have got to the second white mark, the sands would have swallowed up my darling for ever.

I remembered our quarrel with a sort of dull, distant pain. Oh! if only I could be in time!

How could I endure to go through life never knowing whether she had forgiven my hasty words, or whether she had gone to her awful death still smarting under their injustice.

I could only have been about ten minutes, but it seemed to me to be hours, before I at last reached the mossy white mark, which showed me I had come to the edge of the quicksand.

It was only as I crossed it and scrambled down to the shore below, that I dared to look to see if my worst fears had been realized.

How can I describe the revulsion of feeling when, as my feet touched the sand, I heard Celia's laugh, and looking up saw her on the ewe-necked mare within a yard of me.

"Way, you silly boy!" she exclaimed; "what ever made you come that way? I have been waiting here for the last three minutes, expecting every second to see you come tumbling down! You ought to take better care of yourself now you are a steady married man!"

I could say nothing. I staggered like a drunken man. For three minutes she had been standing there within a few yards of certain destruction! It made me dizzy and faint to think of the narrowness of her escape.

At last I managed to say hoarsely, as I took her horse's head and turned it homewards: "How did you come here?"

"Why! can't you see?" she said, puzzled at my manner and my white, scared face. "When you left me in that very ungallant way this morning, I had to find some amusement for myself, so I had the mare saddled and came out for a little ride on the sands."

"Oh! my darling! my darling! can you ever forgive me?" I cried, brokenly. And then, by degrees, I told her of the horrible danger that had threatened her, of my agony, and of my almost despairing climb along the cliff.

Her face paled. "My poor Dick!" she said, as she laid her hand on my shoulder. "And to think how cross I was to you!"

"Cross!" I exclaimed. "No wonder, when I——" But she stopped me gently.

"Don't let us talk of it any more, Dick. And yet, after all," she said, as she wiped away a few tears, it was a really providential quarrel, for if we hadn't quarrelled, we should have gone out riding together, and we should both of us have got into the quicksands!"

"Well," I returned, "the next quarrel might not be so providential. A quarrel is always a dangerous experiment. We won't repeat it; will we, dear?"

And, in spite of the "Blundell temper," we never have.

He and She.

BY F. S. W.

TWICE Jasper Sherlock had looked up from his book to consult the cuckoo clock ticking merrily in a corner of the farm-house parlor, and each time he gave a yawn expressive of a craving for his breakfast.

The snowy-white cloth had been laid an hour ago; a stout country lass had stumped in, bearing cream, and butter, and brawn; and whenever she opened the door a pleasant odor drifted in from the kitchen of frizzling ham and cutlets, and hot rolls; and yet Mr. Sherlock bent over his book and waited patiently.

But here, at last, came the cause of the delay; a tall, handsome, foreign-looking man, the friend who was sharing his lodgings, as well as the fishing that had tempted them to make their summer holiday in a village on the banks of the Wye, instead of taking a more extensive and expensive flight.

"Look here, my child," said Mr. Sherlock, ringing for the coffee-pot. "If you are so vagrant in your habits, I shall take to breakfasting in bed, and then there will be no one to watch over your creature-comforts. If you had been five minutes later I should have devoured all I could—safely—and carried the rest to those hungry children down by the ferry."

"Accept my apologies and pass the loaf, for I am ravenous," answered Lance Longford. "If you had a proper regard for your health, you sluggard, you would have climbed with me to the top of yonder hill to see the sun rise."

"Possibly, but I shouldn't have stayed there till the eggs were hard as well as cold."

"Don't grumble," said Lance, between mouthfuls of ham and farm bread. "I have had an adventure; I have seen her, and made her acquaintance."

"What, the woman at Sir Raby's lodge?" cried Mr. Sherlock, eagerly. "Can she give us permission to fish in the lake?"

"Hah! you run mad on your hobbies! Do you think I have been wasting this lovely morning and neglecting my breakfast to talk to a Welsh grandmother? I am speaking of the bright particular she whom we have seen sketching by the river two or three times, and longed to know."

"Speak for yourself, please, I am an engaged man; and if I were not, I should feel no such yearnings as seize upon you, every time a pretty girl crosses your path."

"She is not pretty, she has not a regular feature in her face; but she is charming! One of those fresh, bright, innocent, ignorant little creatures, whom it is delightful to know because they are so rare!"

"Dear me!" remarked Mr. Sherlock in such satirical tones that a roll was flung at him, and he was called a matter-of-fact, common-place old bear.

"What my sister Annie can see in you I can't imagine, that she should dream of entering into the bonds of matrimony with you."

"Women revel in self-sacrifice, and they have the example of Titania, who made an idiot of a monster," he was reminded, and Jasper smiled so good-humoredly, that Lance began to make excuses for his rudeness.

"You know I was only joking. I could not wish my sister a better husband than my old comrade, Jas Sherlock. But seriously, this little girl—no, not Annie—the one I have met this morning—is worth knowing. She is as frank and unaffected as Annie herself."

"Well, go on," said Jasper, resignedly.

"I know I shall have to listen to a rhapsody, so proceed. You met her—where?"

"In a lane a mile beyond the village, holding in her arms a child that had fallen and cut its head. She could neither stop the bleeding nor the urchin's crying, and was almost in tears herself!"

"And you doctored he, and consoled she. What followed?"

"We pacified the child sufficiently to ascertain where he lived, carried him to his mother, and then sauntered home through the dewy grass and beside the river."

"How deliciously wet for your feet! Of course you talked of Shakspeare and the fashions, and the musical glasses?"

"I don't believe the pretty child has ever read the former, or heard of the latter. She is simplicity itself!"

"Milks the cows, lisps the dialect of her native place, and will marry a man who goes to church in hob-nailed boots and snores through the sermon."

"Nonsense, she is no native of this rural district, but came out with the artist and his wife, who occupy the rooms at the other end of this great rambling farm-house. She had been working so very hard, she told me, that they thought her looking ill, and kindly insisted on giving her this delightful change."

"What is she? a milliner's apprentice or a nursery governess, or——"

"Don't make such hateful suggestions!" cried Lance, hotly. "I do not care to know who or what she is. This morning's walk was the first page of an idyll, and if I were a poet instead of a clerk in the civil service, it would have inspired me to write a sonnet."

"Instead of which your enthusiasm has spent itself on cold pigeon-pie and boiled milk. Well did you part to meet again?"

Lance looked vexed.

"I am afraid not. This artist is the Monsieur Derville, of whom we have heard Annie talk, as a distant relation of that Miss or Mrs. Arrun or Allen, with whom she struck up such a warm friendship at St. Leonards last year."

Jasper Sherlock nodded.

"I remember; Miss Arran is one of the Girton students, whose brilliant successes made our dear little Nance regard her as a *rara avis*, and feel quite honored to have known her. Annie went farther still, for she would have liked to marry this clever lady to a certain equally clever relative of her own."

Lance reddened.

"Was there ever such an absurd notion? Annie chose to be quite offended with me for three days because I would not sanction an invitation being sent to her Girton prodigy. Clever women are very well in their place, but that is not at a man's fireside. One prefers to adore them at a distance."

"Judging from the photo of Miss Arran that I have seen in Annie's album," Mr. Sherlock observed, as he rose from the table his companion had already deserted—"judging from that, she is too gaunt and elderly a spinster to be adored anyhow or anywhere. But why are we abusing her? She is not with the Dervilles is she?"

"No; but after declining so positively the pleasure of her acquaintance, one cannot make up to her relatives, especially as my motive is a selfish one; and yet I should have liked to see more of this little Dorice."

"Then she confided her name to you?" observed Jasper. "Did you reciprocate?"

Lance looked confused.

"Not—exactly. She thinks I am an Italian. Now, don't shrug your shoulders and put on the rebuking air you have learned from my wise sister. It happened thus. When I pulled a handkerchief out of my pocket to make a bandage for the little boy's head, I drew with it the pocket edition of Dante, given to me by my old tutor, Signor Valdi, and the swarthy skin inherited from my Sicilian grandmother did the rest. One does not always care to tell one's real name and history to every chance acquaintance, and it will be a more romantic recollection for this pretty little Dorice that she walked and talked for an hour with Signor Lancelotte Valdi, than if she had known me as plain English Lance Longford."

This was said too rapidly to give Mr. Sherlock an opportunity of interrupting it.

Not that he wished to do so; it sufficed to know that the conscience of his impetuous friend was already troubled at the deceit he had practised; and the morning's venture was not mentioned again.

But Jasper was glad when he heard on the morrow that the Dervilles were going away, and sorry when the information was followed with the tidings that only monsieur would depart. Business called him to Paris. Madame and Miss Dorice would stay at the farm till he could rejoin them.

And Jasper looked very grave when he found that Lance, having done Madame Derville some small service, made it an excuse for often finding his way to the end of the house where she resided.

Herself a clever artist, madame was painting the background of one of her husband's pictures, and while she labored at it assiduously, Dorice sat in the broad window-seat, trifling with some fancy work, and chattering gaily to Lance in the garden outside; or else the demoiselle might be seen flirting about the flower-beds, or sitting on the long limber bough of a hoary apple-tree, swinging herself, and imitating the songs of the birds that made their nests in the farmers' orchards.

"I am disgracefully idle!" she said on one of these occasions. "Is not that what Signor Lance is thinking of me? but it is so nice to do nothing but be a butterfly! That is the advantage of being only Dorice. If I were dear, good, industrious madame I should be daboing and spotting my gowns and my fingers with paint. If I were Il Signor's English friend I should be fatiguing myself with efforts to kill the flames; if I were Il Signor I should be studying one of the books he carries with him wherever he goes."

"My only books of late have been woman's books," Lance replied, "but I should be delighted to study Dante with you."

"With me? in Italian? Are you serious?"

"I could translate as I went on," he cried, eagerly.

"Ah! but if I were to fall asleep in the middle of some thoughtful passage, how vexed you would be?"

"Then I would shut up the author who failed to interest you, and——"

"Despise me for my ignorance," she interposed, quickly.

"By no means. I have no penchant for clever women."

Dorice smiled again.

"I think I remember to have heard that the ladies of your nation do not cultivate their minds; they are content to look beautiful and sit behind their lattices, or float about the canals in gondolas. It is your countrymen who become scholars and read—what is it they read?"

"Tasso. I should like to teach you this sweet, liquid language. You would be an apt pupil I am sure."

But Dorice retreated, shaking her pretty head.

"I should have to give up my butterfly life, and pore over lessons and themes, instead of making puddings, and gathering fruit for dear madame's dinner and enjoying myself lazily."

"We could make the garden our study, and I would be the most painstaking of master's" she was eagerly reminded. "I would teach you anything and everything you cared to learn."

Dorice only pouted the more when he said this.

"Why should you propose to try and make a clever woman of me? Have you not told me that you do not like clever women?"

Lance endeavored to explain that his objections were only to very learned ladies who usurped professorships, aimed at becoming doctors of medicines, etc.

"I understand. Women should be stupid and simple and attempt to become the companions of their husbands and brothers. But if it is so nice to be silly, who do you propose to deprive me of my ignorance?"

"Nothing could make you silly: and the task of imparting knowledge to you would be a delightful one."

"Then it is allowable for women to learn if one of the other sex should be seized with a whim, a fancy for teaching her," observed Dorice, sillily. "But, suppose, signor, you should weary of your task?"

"Impossible!" and Lance said this so ardently that Dorice put behind her the hand he attempted to take.

"Then there is another point to be considered. What if I were to develop—butterflies do sometimes, you know—into so very apt a scholar as to overtake my master? Would you ever forgive me for it? No, sir! No, sir! no!"

And she ran away, singing the refrain of the once popular ballad, but stopped at the door till he overtook her.

"I am afraid, signor," she said, in graver tones, "afraid I have seemed ungrateful. It was very generous of you to propose to enlighten my profound ignorance, but alas! time is wanting as well as inclination. Madame Derville has altered her plans, and proposes to join her husband at Paris at the end of the week."

She did not stay for a reply, and Lance walked slowly, sorrowfully away, to meet his friend, who laid a letter before him.

It was the reply to his application for an extension of his leave of absence: it could not be granted, the clerk who had undertaken his duties having been taken ill.

"So we must start for London to-morrow," said Jasper Sherlock. "Our pleasant holiday is over."

"And you are not sorry for it," observed Lance, moodily.

"Not at all sorry, especially as Annie has ended her duty visit to her grandmother, and writes word that she hopes to be in town to welcome us. And you, Lance? Surely you haven't let your admiration for this little girl——"

But with a peevish exclamation the young man flung out of the room.

Yes, he had learned to think that life would not be worth living unless Dorice consented to share it.

Yet how could he ask her to be his, knowing that he must confess to having deceived her?

However, it would have to be done. He could not go away without seeing her again, and he loitered about the garden on the following morning till she opened the window of Madame Derville's sitting-room and bade him a gay good morrow.

"But you look serious, signor? Are you not well?"

"I am unhappy, Dorice, because my errand here is to bid you adieu."

Her cheek paled, and her lip quivered, but only for a moment, and there was a sparkle of fun in her eyes as she said:

"Then you are going back to *la bella Italia*, and the fair signorns who never vex their souls or yours with too much learning?"

"I am going back to my work," said Lance, reddening, but speaking firmly. "I have not been candid with you; instead of being an Italia gentleman, as I have allowed you to suppose, I am a clerk in the civil service, and my name is Longford."

"And I," replied Dorice, demurely, "have not been candid with you. Instead of being madame's little cousin, I am a student from Girton College, and my surname is Arran!"

"Then you are my sister's friend—the—the lady whose acquaintance she made at St. Leonards? But the photograph she showed me——"

Dorice laughed merrily.

"Does Annie give it a place in her album? She should have told you that when she asked for my portrait I told her truthfully I had never given a photographer a sitting, so sent her a carte of a worthier person (my maiden aunt) instead."

"And you have known me all the while?"

"How could I help recognizing the original of the miniature Annie displayed so proudly as 'my brother?'"

"And you have been laughing at me in your sleeve, Miss Arran?"

"Occasionally, Mr. Longford, as for instance, when, with praiseworthy consistency, you took care to let me know that you abhorred learned ladies; and almost in the same breath proposed to enlighten my ignorance."

"It would have been more generous to tell me who you were," he said, reproachfully.

"Possibly; just as it would have been more honorable on your part to inform me that you were masquerading under a name that does not belong to you."

"It was not a deliberate deception, although I have long been ashamed of it. All the more so, because I thought you were incapable of——"

"Of stooping to a similar one—is that what you meant to say? Please to remember, Mr. Longford, that I have never denied my identity with the Girton girl, whose acquaintance with your sister you have always disapproved."

"Who told you this? Some kind friend, no doubt!" exclaimed the mortified and embarrassed Lance.

"I have learned it from your own lips," she replied, enjoying his confusion; "your tirades against those women who have dared to cultivate their natural abilities, explained to me why Annie has so often regretted that she could not ask me to visit her or accept my invitations. I had made a guess that her brother's prejudices were the stumbling-block, and you confirmed it."

"Prejudices for which I am now so penitent, so remorseful, that unless you 'orgive me, how shall I ever forgive myself?"

"That is a problem I must decline to attack," retorted Dorice. "If anything I have said or done has opened your eyes to the fact that one may learn Greek, dabble in Algebra or mathematics, and still be pure womanly, I rejoice to hear it. One is always pleased to score one against the superior sex. Adieu, signor, may you find consolation for my ill-nature in the pages of Tasso or Dante."

"Do not send me away unforgiven!" he implored. "Give me some hope that you do not quite hate me!"

"My dear Mr. Longford, your idyll is finished, and the butterfly, who helped to make it entertaining, is going back to the brain work by which she hopes to support herself and repay the relatives who have been at the expense of her education. I have to thank you for some very pleasant hours, and we had better agree to forget all the rest."

"And never meet again?"

Dorice tried to say never, but with her hands in his clasp, and his eyes looking into hers so imploringly, she could not. Something she faltered ere she broke from him of having promised to be bridesmaid to Annie, and as Annie will claim the fulfilment of that promise shortly, Lance, who has lost all his horror of learned ladies, is hopeful of yet winning not only forgiveness but a bride.

HUMAN ORGANISMS.—The average weight of male adults is 130 pounds; of women, about 110 pounds. The average height of American recruits is about 5 feet 9 inches. The average height of well-built men is 5 feet 9 inches; of women, 5 feet 4 inches. One inch of height should add two pounds of weight.

The specific gravity of the body ranges from 0.950 to 1.030. The heart weighs 250 grammes in women and 330 grammes (10¾ ounces) in men; the average weight is 292 grammes. The period of its maximum weight is between fifty and eighty.

The amount of blood in the body is one-thirteenth the weight of the body, or five or six quarts, or eleven or twelve pounds. A man dies when he has lost a fifth of his blood.

The heart with each contraction ejects six ounces of blood from each ventricle, at a pressure in the left ventricle of one fourth of an atmosphere. The heart sends all the blood around the body twice every minute or in about thirty five contractions.

A deadly poison injected into a vein kills in about fifteen seconds on the average: injected under the skin, in four minutes.

A cubic millimetre of blood contains 5,000,000 blood cells in men, 4,500,000 in women. There are 300 red cells to every one white blood cell. The red cells have an average diameter of 1/3200 inch, the white cells of 1/25,000 inch.

The specific gravity of the blood is 1.055. The frequency of the pulse in the new-born is 150; in infants of one year, 110; at two years, 95; at seven to fourteen years, 85, in the adult man, 72; women, 80. The respirations are one-fourth as rapid as the pulse.

A HORSE WEARING SPECTACLES.—A horse in Detroit wears spectacles. The farmer that owned him having come to the conclusion, from various symptoms, that the animal was short-sighted, got an oculist to take the necessary measurements, and had a pair of spectacles manufactured for him. They are made to fasten firmly into the headstall, so that they do not shake out of place. At first the horse appeared startled by this addition to his harness, but he soon got used to his glasses, and liked them. "In fact," says his owner, "when I turn him out to pasture he feels uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and last Sunday he hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that I put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose. Then he picked up his heels and danced down the pasture." He could see what he was going to eat then.

AN old woman who lived in a country place, many years after railways were invented, had never seen a train: so she decided one day that she would go to see her friends, and started next morning for the railway station with a bundle and umbrella.

Having purchased a ticket, the guard put her in a carriage, and off she started on her journey. But they had not gone far before there was a collision, and in searching the carriages, they found the old woman in a far corner, covered with luggage.

As soon as she saw the guard, she said:

"Master, do ye always stop sharp like this?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD

One hundred and nine new lawyers were admitted to the bar in New York State last week. Every farmer should get a double strap for his wallet.

Senator Edmunds, writing on 'Corrupt Political Methods,' estimates that $5,000,000 were spent during the last campaign, and much of it for illegal and immoral purposes. After analysing the causes of the low state of political morals that permitted this, he prescribes, among other corrective influences that are needed, "better registration laws, the secrecy of ballots, restriction of immigration and naturalization, and the publication of campaign expenses."

A special from Boston says: The first freight train run over a new branch of the Canadian Pacific in Maine to day was blockaded for hours by an army of gray caterpillars, which swarmed upon the tracks on a slight grade. The wheels of the locomotive crushed the caterpillars, thus greasing the rails. Sand was used, but without success. A hundred railroad laborers, with elder brushes, tried to sweep the caterpillars from the tracks, but the supply was inexhaustible. The train finally made a run of 15 miles in 10 hours.

In 1882 the Chairman of the London and Northwestern stated that there had not been a single passenger killed on their line within the previous three years. Sir John Hawkshaw, speaking of safety on railways generally, said "that only one passenger on an average was injured for every 4,000,000 of miles travelled; and on an average a person may travel 100,000 miles each year for forty years and the chances are of not receiving the slightest injury." Again, Sir E. Watkins maintained "that railway travelling was safer than eating, because it is a fact that more people choke themselves in England than are killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom."

A duel in a railway station is a novel experience, but two men who arrived in Paris some days ago from Versailles, and had fallen out during the trip, treated their fellow passengers to such a spectacle on alighting from the train. Each happened to be provided with a sword-umbrella, and, after a hot altercation in the waiting-room, they proceeded to the big hall, drew their weapons, put themselves in position, and began to lunge at each other with all the energy of which they were capable. The bystanders looked on in utter bewilderment; but soon, a large crowd having collected, steps were taken to separate the belligerents. The task was effected with no little difficulty, as the combatants had thoroughly warmed to their work, and each had received slight wounds.

A curious cause of death has recently been recorded in India. A native who was fishing in a stream caught a flat, eel-like fish from 15 to 16 inches in length. Being desirous of killing it, he promptly, but with great lack of judgment and questionable taste, put it into his mouth in order to bite off its head. The fish, however, scarcely appreciating this somewhat clumsy attempt at decapitation, vigorously essayed to make other arrangements, in which it was partially successful. Gifted with a slimyness which made it very difficult to hold, it slipped through the man's fingers into his mouth and conveyed itself partly down his gullet. The situation now was bad for the fish but still worse for the man, for owing to the sharp fins on the back of the fish it was not possible to withdraw it. The man died in great agony within an hour.

The head of the Paris Detective Department, says that bands of pickpockets have been specially organised for the Paris Exhibition both in London and New York. These people give the French detectives no end of trouble, owing to the consummate skill, coolness and audacity with which they work. Even when a detective thinks that he is sure of his man and arrests him, he finds nothing in the fellow's possession, for the plunder has been adroitly "passed" to a confederate. Then the gentlemanly, or, as the case may be, lady-like pickpocket, reports the detective at headquarters, and endeavors to set diplomatic or consular machinery in motion, as was notoriously the case about twelve months ago, when a great fuss was made over an American woman who was arrested for pocket-picking. The chief, however, has organised his little plans as well as the cosmopolitan sharpers. He has obtained from the London and New York police photographs and full personal descriptions and biographies of all the principal British and American pickpockets.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." Ordinary common kidney disease, many times unrecognised as such, will become chronic and terminate in Bright's (organic) disease of the kidneys, unless taken in hand. Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognised specific that has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.—A countryman and his wife, having had some words, the man protested that he would be revenged.

"Why, what will you do?" said his wife.

"Do!" replied he; "why, I'll go into the orchard and drown myself in the pond."

"And a good riddance," cried his wife. "I'll go with you to see it done."

They both went, and the man ran to the pond as though he would jump in, but stopped when he came to the side of it. His wife upbraided him, called him coward, rogue and villain, and said he had not the courage to do it. The man took another run, and stopped short as before, and his wife continued to abuse him.

At length he told her he really could not summon up courage to drown himself, but that if she would tie his hand behind him, which would prevent his saving his life by swimming, and push him in, she might, for he was weary of her ill temper.

"I'll do that readily enough," she said.

So she tied his hands behind him and he went to the side of the pond.

"Now," said the man, "take a long run and push me a good way into the water, that I may be the sooner out of my misery."

"Never fear, you rogue," replied his wife, "I'll push you far enough in, I warrant you."

The man stood close by the pond with his back towards her, and she went to some distance from him and then came running towards him, that she might push him in with the more violence. But just as she came to him he stepped aside, and she fell flounce into the water.

"Help me out! Help me out!" she cried.

"I can't help you out," said he, "for you have tied my hands."

And so that scolding wife was drowned.

SISTER THERESAY.—"I grievously regret you are going to leave our church, dear pastor."

Pastor Peaceful—"You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better servant to fill my place."

Sister T.—"I have no such hope. Of the last thirteen pastors we have had every one has been worse than the other."

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is a privilege every newspaper reserves to itself to criticise, adversely if needs be, for the public's benefit, anything in which the public is deeply interested.

It is the custom of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the renowned Kidney and Liver Cure, better known as "Warner's Safe Cure," to flood the country, and especially the post-offices, with medical pamphlets. The writer has taken the liberty to examine one of these marvellous little books, and finds food for criticism, but before indulging in it, will give our readers some quotations therefrom, from the highest medical authorities, which we believe worthy of consideration. Under the head of "No Distinctive Symptoms Apparent," we find:

First—More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption.—Thompson.

Second—Deaths from such disease are increasing at the rate of 25% per cent. a decade.—Edwards.

Third—Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity.—Roberts.

Fourth—In the fatal cases—and most cases have hitherto been fatal—the symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in extremely different organs of the body as stated above.—Thompson.

Fifth—Only when the disease has reached its final and fatal stages may the usual symptoms of albumen and tube casts appear in the water, and will great pain in the diseased organs.—Thompson.

Sixth—Bright's Disease, which usually has three stages of development, is a universal disease in England and America.—Roberts and Edwards.

Thompson is authority for saying that more adults are carried off in this country by kidney disease than any other malady except consumption. Under Warner's "Safe Cure" article on Consumption, we find a paragraph claiming to be a quotation from a publication issued by Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, which states that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Dr. Herman Brehmer, an eminent German authority, also says that Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, because of bad blood.

Medical science can no longer dispute the fact that the kidneys are the principal blood purifying organs of the human system and if they are diseased and thus fail to expel the uric acid poison or the waste matter of the blood, as the blood passes through these two great organs, the "Safe Cure" claim is correct, and the reasoning of its proprietor holds good.

There is no doubt but that in too many instances the medical fraternity doctor for symptoms, instead of striking at the root of the disease, and that under this form of treatment many patients die.

We cannot, however, see the necessity of continually flooding the country with these advertising medical books, when their story once well told is enough for the time being. People as a rule, now-a-days, go to their newspaper for information, and we believe such truths as we have instanced could be proclaimed therein more advantageously to the public and much more beneficially to the proprietors.

Our Young Folks.

THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

BY SHIELA.

ELMSLEIGH was a very lovely place, and Elmsleigh School was as nice a school as you could wish to see, with a good tempered master when he was not too much put out, and a prim little mistress, who got some good work out of the girls when the weather was not—as they thought—too hot, and they happened to be in the right mind for work.

But Elmsleigh School had one drawback in the minds of the children: it had nothing of a playground.

"A poor little slip of a place, worth nothing!" was Jack Simpson's verdict.

"And the girls take up such a lot of room," was Charlie Halliday's opinion.

"Always jointing hands and going round, fit to make 'em giddy," grumbled out Teddy Mills, a very small boy, with very decided opinions.

Mr. Long, the master, used to do what he could to get them to use the playground, as complaints reached him from time to time of the boys trespassing and doing mischief on private ground.

But the three young friends, Charlie, and Teddy, and Jack, always slipped off if they could.

It was a hot day, oh, so hot! There was no shade, literally none, in the playground, excepting one thin streak by the wall.

Rounders was in full swing, anxious and dusty games of marbles, with the girls in circles as usual.

But what room was there for peg-top? And our young friends had lately invested in three new tops.

"But we can't play here with these girls," observed the logical Charlie.

"Let's go to the park," said Teddy Mills. "I'm not afraid of the squire, not I! There's room there, there is, why shouldn't we have the room?"

"That's what old Joe Carter said the other night," said Jack, "when he turned his donkey into Farmer Lawson's field. 'There's grass in there, there is; why shouldn't my donkey have the grass?'"

"But the farmer, he didn't like it," said Charlie; "perhaps the squire won't."

"'Tisn't as if we wanted to eat the grass," said Teddy. "We want room to play. Come along; I'm not afraid."

There was a right of way through the park, and a public footpath; but the old squire—he was undoubtedly rather a crusty old squire—made a great fuss if people were found very far from this footpath, and was especially annoyed if they came near the paling which separated the park from his gardens.

And exactly to that paling Jack, Charlie and Teddy were bending their steps. Nothing like the ground under that paling for peg-top. All smooth and slippery, the grass worn away, and quite bare from being under the big trees, inside the paling.

"I say," said Jack, "here we are. This is the place for us. Look there, though. I hope that isn't anybody belonging to the squire."

Just beyond where they had made their circle and begun their game were six or seven people, very smartly dressed, sitting down under the trees, a white table cloth spread before them, and a small hamper, from which had been taken a variety of good things to eat and drink.

"No," said more discerning Charlie, "not they. Too smart by half. They're excursion folk from Lowton."

For about a quarter of an hour all went well for peg top, the only drawback being that Jack and Charlie were slightly uncomfortable, and wondered what their fathers would say if they saw them. In fact, Jack pretty well knew what his father would do! But Ted, bright, merry little Ted, he never thought at all.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo! Who are you, sir?"

The boys started, and looked around. There was the old squire himself, looking furious, standing the garden side of the palings, close to where the unfortunate excursionists were seated.

One fat old gentleman, who seemed to be at the head of the party, then answered

"I, sir? My name's Smith, sir. Reginald Smith, at your service, sir."

"Well, Mr. Reginald Smith, you're trespassing, sir, trespassing—do you hear me, sir?—on my ground. Be off at once! This is not common land, sir;" and the old squire's wrath waxed hotter and hotter, and his voice got louder and louder, and his face redder.

Then up got a very elegant young gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, at whom our boys stared with highly admiring eyes, and taking off his hat in the most polite way to the irate old squire, said—

"We have not the honor of knowing your name, but pray don't get so excited, sir; it's quite dangerous at your time of life, allow me to assure you. I'm in the medical profession, sir."

This was the last straw, and the old squire could hardly express his indignation.

"Medical profession, indeed! You're an ornament to it, sir! Be off with you at once, all of you, or I'll commit you, I will, all of you, for trespassing. A set of miserable excursionists! having a lot of nasty crumbs and paper and broken bottles! My men will be out in two minutes to clear it all off."

Now, alas! came the turn of our boys, who had been so interested in watching the scene that they had forgotten to run away.

"Hullo! here are some more of 'em. Schoolboys! You rascals, I'll make an example of you, any way! Come in here, all three of you," said the squire, opening a gate in the palings.

In they marched, peg-tops in hand.

"Now," said the squire, "I've spoken of this trespassing times out of mind. Now I'll not. You all deserve a good flogging, but I'll leave that to your fathers."

Jack's rosy face turned pale, Charlie shivered, but Teddy stood and manfully faced the squire, his blue eyes looking him through and through.

Out came the squire's pocket-book.

"Your name, sir?" he said, pointing to Jack.

"Jack Simpson, sir."

At this moment came an interruption—a flying figure dashing across the smooth lawn—a boy the schoolboys knew well by sight, often seeing him ride through the village on his pony; the only child of the squire's dead son, the heir to all his great wealth.

"Grandfather dear, what is it? I've come out for a bit of fun."

The squire's face relaxed. "These are naughty boys, Christopher, who have been trespassing."

Christopher fixed his eyes on Teddy's upturned face.

"Well, Simpson," said the squire—"and you, my keeper's son, too! This will cost your father something."

"Oh, sir!" began poor Jack.

"Please sir," said brave little Teddy, "we're very sorry, but we've no nice place to play in, and there's so much room here, and our tops are new——"

"Well! you're an outspoken fellow," said the squire, his face relaxing more.

Christopher here chimed in—

"Peg-tops are so nice. Grandfather dear, mayn't they have a playground? Give me one for them: that will be my bit of fun for to-day."

"Rather an expensive bit!" said the squire.

And Teddy, the valiant, went home singing—

"Who's afraid? not I.
From the park we march along,
Brave and valiant, three boys strong,
On we go, from victory!"

"Where have you been?" said Bill Simmonds, who met them at the school gate.

"Ah! we've got a playground for the school!" cried Teddy; what do you think of that? Little Master Christopher, he—but there, I won't tell. You'll see when it comes."

"And Ted did it," said Charlie. "He spoke up to the squire like a man."

No—not like a man, Charlie—like an innocent fearless little boy; and the squire, looking at Teddy's young eager face, felt very pleased with him.

"Oh, 'twill never come!" said Jack.

But it did.

The next day Mr. Long was summoned to the park, and was shown a piece of land near the village, which Christopher gave to Elmsleigh School for ever, to be enclosed as a playground.

What an opening day they had! Christopher came to see them play.

And the squire never had to complain of the boys trespassing again.

TED'S HORSE.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

REX came in from school, and was met in the hall by Flora, Ted, and a big toy horse.

"I say!" cried Rex, with a quick fling of his books to one side.

"Mr. James heard that Ted was three years old this week, and sent him this horse," said Flora, and she drew the horse with Ted on it through the hall.

"Fine!" said Rex with a jump. "We can have a good war now!"

"War!" cried Flora, with a big stare of her blue eyes; "what do you want a war for?"

"To be made a great man, of course."

"I don't see," said Flora, in her slow way, "How could a war or a toy horse make you a great man?"

"You goose!" cried Rex, with a shrug.

"I am not a goose, and the horse is Ted's. Come on, Ted!"

With this Flora took hold of the rope, and gave a good pull.

Rex took the rope from her, and Flora went and held Ted on, who said—

"Leave my horse; it's mine!"

Now Ted would not have said this if Flora had not told him to. He was a nice child, and would have been glad to let Rex or Flora share the fun with his horse; but he did not know what to do, so he said what he thought would please Flora, who was so kind to him just now. It is strange how kind a new toy makes one at times!

"Oh, yes!" said Rex with a laugh, "the horse is yours, of course, Ted, but Flora made you say so."

Flora got red with rage.

"You are not a nice boy, Rex! I don't like you!"

"You are not a nice girl, Flora. I don't like you!" cried Rex in a high tone, which he made as like Flora's as he could.

"What is all this noise, may I ask?" said a voice which made them all start up in fright. It was Mr. James.

Ted took his hand, and left Rex and Flora.

A big bell rang just then for them all to go and dine—it was just as well that it did ring, for all three were cross, and we do not know what sad thing might have come next.

As it was, they all ate a very good meal, and when they were told to go to play they were quite glad to do so.

Play means more things than the word can say. It does not do for Flora to want one thing, Rex the next thing, and Ted one more than that.

To play and be at ease you must all want one thing, or else be bright and kind, and give up what you want, and do what will please the two or three more you may play with.

Rex could not do this, and Flora had a hard way of her own, though she was a nice child. She thought she had to fight for Ted; but Ted would not have fought at all if Flora had not made him.

You see, Rex was just a wee bit too grand to Flora, and when the horse came to Ted, Flora tried to "pay him off."

Oh, dear! such a plight we fall on when we try to "pay off!"

So Flora took Ted and put his hat on, and then led him down to the door. When she had got him down the steps and on the walk in front of the house, she came back for the horse, and took it down in a very sly way, but Rex heard her.

He ran out by the back door, and just as Flora had got near the thick shrubs which lay by the field—all the time with the string of the horse in her left hand, while she led Ted with the right—Rex flew out on them with a shout.

"Go off and play," cried Flora, with a tug at the horse.

"I want to play," said Rex, with that kind of smile a boy wears when he wants to tease anyone.

He came up to Ted, put his hand on his arm, and a kiss on his cheek.

"Come on, Ted; I'll show you how brave men ride to death!"

"Well," said Flora, with much scorn in her voice, "that is fine, I must say! What has Ted to do with the way brave men ride to death? You don't want to go, dear, do you?"

Ted did want to go, and he gave his small legs a kick on the sides of his horse.

Rex caught the rope, and, I must tell you, Flora took hold of the tail of the horse! Rex put all his strength to the test, and while Ted rode quite safe, poor Flora was thrown on the ground.

Now this horse had a strong tail. Most tails would have come out at the first pull; but here was Flora on the ground, and not even one hair had come out of that beast's tail in her hand!

"She's beat! she's beat!" cried Ted in a glad way; "we've done one to death! Go on, Rex!"

But Rex stood still when they had had a run, and thought he would wait for Flora to come up.

She did not come, and he felt sure there was no more fun to be had, so he left Ted to talk to his horse, and went to the road to watch for the post.

Ted spoke to his new horse in a kind way, gave him new grass to eat, and then thought he must want a drink.

"Come on, old boy," said Ted in a soft nice way, for his horse was just like a true horse would be to you. "Come on, and I'll give you a good drink."

So he led the horse down to the stream, and it was a slope all the way. When they got to the edge the horse ran so fast on his wheels that he fell right in!

Ted said, "Whoa!"

But that was no use.

Then he fell in, and his screams came to Rex and Flora, who at this time were just at the height of their cross words in the walk in front of the house.

"What was that?" cried Rex.

"Ted!" said Flora.

And they both ran down to the stream, where the horse and Ted were stuck fast in the mud.

Such a dear face, all black with mud! and a small black hand with the horse's rope held tight!

"Ted, my sweet dear Ted!" cried Flora, while tears ran down her face.

"Pull me out, Rex—Flora—both of you!" said the dear wee boy, who could not yet know how to make peace, and yet he did it.

He and his horse came safe to land, and though the mud was black, Rex and Flora gave a kiss to Ted, and they made friends. Rex took the horse to clean and groom, while Flora saw that nurse made Ted all right. Nurse did not like black mud. Why should she?

And on the next day they took out the horse, and did not fight once, and all three were there!

TRUE contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

ALL competent authorities, prominent among them being F. F. Roberts, M.D., Professor of Chemical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say "Bright's disease has no marked symptoms of its own, but takes the symptoms of other (so-called) diseases." If you have headache, feeble appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling, extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, do not neglect such symptoms, or you will eventually have Bright's disease, or some other effect of neglected kidney disease. Take Warner's Safe Cure, the only recognized specific for this disease.

THE FAY AND THE WATER-DROP.

BY L. H. HILL.

THERE was once a fay who lived in a tiny pool high up on the mountain-side. She loved the pool, and she loved all the drops in it, but one was her friend beyond all others.

Neither she nor this water-drop was very old, for she had only been born with the heather-flowers which still sprinkled the mountain-side. And as for the drop, it had been floating in a cloud high up in the air not long before.

But little things like fays and water drops soon become friends.

When the fay grew tired of chatting to the drop, which was her happiest pastime, she would peep over the edge of her pool at the great world below.

First she looked over the yellow moss, and then over long stretches of orange and scarlet whortleberries encircling great gray boulders with their brightness; and beyond the whortleberries grew the pine-trees and the brown heather; and far, far, below stretched the green fields, through which ran the shining thread of the river.

Sometimes, instead of looking downwards, the fay gazed across the valley to the mountain-wall beyond—dark and high mountains, over which the cold winds whistled and the mists drifted.

One evening, when the sun was fast sinking behind the crags above the fay's pool, a great purple cloud came over the mountains beyond the valley.

As the cloud drifted onwards the rain fell like a veil across their cliffs, and the sun shone on the veil.

The water-drop was glad when it saw the rain coming, for it wanted the pool to overflow and let it away to see the world; so it cried—

"Hurrah, fay! Rain is coming, fay, and we shall soon set out on our travels!"

But the fay said, "Hush! Look there."

For a wonderful arch, such as the fay had never seen, spanned the mountains—a rainbow arch, shifting and trembling as the rain swept swiftly on.

"Oh, how happy I am!" said the fay, as she watched the glorious color. "I wonder if I could be happier?"

Then the sun dipped and the arch vanished; but before the sun was quite lost behind the hill, a tiny sunbeam sped down to the fay and whispered in her ear—

"Yes, little fay, you will be much happier than this some day; you will be so happy that you will be lost in happiness."

Then the great cloud rolled on, and all the sky grew gray. The rain fell fast all the night, and the pool grew bigger and bigger, till at last it began to overflow.

And when the light came and the water-drop found the overflow, it danced for pleasure.

"Oh! wake up, fay! Here's a way out of the pool. Hurrah! let us go, let us go!"

So the fay and the water-drop rolled away together down over the moss and the little pebbles.

Many other drops went with them, and each as it went sang for joy, and the fay sang with them, and their voices made the prettiest little gurgling sound in the world.

So down they went, and met still more drops, till at last the trickle grew to a little stream, and there were many more voices to sing the song, "Flowing down, flowing down."

Gurgle, gurgle; splash, splash; down they went. And still the fay sang, as she had sung in the pool, "How happy I am! I wonder if I could be happier?"

So at last the little stream tumbled into a rushing torrent that was foaming and leaping down to the valley far below.

And the drops in the little stream mingled their voices with those of all the drops in the great rushing torrent, and the song they sang was the most beautiful of all the songs in the mountain world—the harmonies of falling foaming water.

Down and down they went; now swirling round some boulder, now sliding swiftly over smooth sloping rocks, now being dashed into white spray, and again gathered together in dark pools that seemed motionless but for the silent eddies in their depths.

Down and down they went, and louder and deeper grew the song of the stream, till at last the fay heard in the distance the great voice of the waterfall.

She did not know what this sound was, mingling and yet rising over the song of the stream, but its music made her cease her own song.

And as she listened the music grew louder and clearer, and the almost forgotten words of the sunbeam came into her mind—"Lost in happiness."

The next moment the stream dashed on a crag that barred its way, and the water was dashed into foam and spray, and wild leaping and happiness, such as only a mountain torrent can understand.

Could the fay know what the great rush and fall of water meant? The water-drop knew, and it sang every moment more joyfully as it hurried with its friends across the pool below the fall away down the glen to the distant lake. But the fay was lost in happiness, and so how should she know?

DIFFICULT TO REALIZE IT.—Mrs. Testy, looking up from the paper: "Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman after a fit of illness was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married."

Mr. Testy: "Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

THE ABBESS NAPS.

BY G. S. STUART.

A knight rode past the convent wall;
On something hidd'n a sunbeam shown;
He prayed for rest in bower and stall,
The careful Abbess—noting all—
Treated him well—and he rode on.

A dove perched on the convent wall,
And something showed beneath her wing;
She preened and cooed with plaintive call;
The careful Abbess—noting all—
Stroked, and let fly the gentle thing.

A rose dropped o'er the convent wall,
With something curled about its heart;
It lay a scented, crimson ball;
The careful Abbess—noting all—
Had softly pulled its leaves apart.

A Palmer by the convent wall,
Leaned—while the Abbess slept at noon;
The novice, setting plates in hall,
Reached him a pitcher—that was all—
He blessed the maid and passed full soon.

Ah, steep and high the convent wall,
Yet something slips thro' lock and chain;
The maid has fled beyond recall—
May Saints forgive her grievous fall—
Nor let the Abbess nap again!

ABOUT WRITING.

The art of writing has an origin and history of which the nature and antiquity is little suspected by the majority of those whose pens glide so rapidly over their paper.

For every primitive examples of graphic representation we must go back to times which lie outside the range of exact chronology, to a period of which one author says that it was "more remote than the invention of pottery or spinning—prior even to the taming of any domestic animal, or the cultivation of cereals; earlier, so far as we know, than the construction of any kind of human habitation."

These Cave or Palæolithic men, as they are called, were no mean proficients in the art of pictorial representation.

It is true, they knew nothing of pens, for their only graphic instrument was a rude tool of flint; nor of paper, for they scratched their designs either on the surface of some kindly rock, or on the horns and tusks of animals which they hunted for food; nevertheless, their efforts are marked by spirit, and betoken no little artistic skill.

Their designs consisted, as we should naturally expect, of scenes from their daily life—such, for example, as the chase of those now extinct animals whose contemporaries they were.

But, interesting as these relics are, they were at the most individual attempts, and led to no further developments; they are, however, noteworthy, as they contain the earliest indications of a system afterwards more fully developed by the civilized nations of antiquity, and which has passed through various changes and stages, till it has finally culminated in the art of writing as we have in the present day.

To "write" implies the possession of alphabetic characters; we must pause, therefore, a moment to inquire the source of those twenty-six letters, the formation of which with pen or pencil in a given sequence we call "writing."

Now what was the source of our alphabet? On this question much has been said at various times.

A Rabbinical tradition states that letters or writing were one of the ten simultaneous creations by Almighty God at the beginning of the world.

The ancient classical authors held that a knowledge of letters originated with the Phœnicians, and that by them they were introduced into Greece.

This was the opinion for a long time generally accepted; but modern research, based on the testimony of the letters themselves, has conclusively shown that this cannot have been the whole truth, and that the origin of our system of letters, with the consequent introduction of the art of writing, can be traced back to a source infinitely earlier than the days when the Phœnicians were the master-merchants of the world.

This source is none other than the ancient hieroglyphic system of Egypt.

This discovery is due to the labors of a celebrated French scholar and though when originally given by him to the world it met with no little opposition, yet is now almost universally accepted by those competent to judge as the only correct solution of a much-debated question.

To trace the various stages of the process whereby the letters which we use so readily have been evolved from the venerable Egyptian hieroglyphs would be a task far beyond our present limits, and having briefly indicated the source of our modern writing we may now proceed to describe the ancient system of picture writing, which was the precursor of our modern art.

We find, then, four principal systems of picture writing—viz., the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Chinese, and the Hittite.

The space at our disposal will not permit us to speak of the three latter, and we must confine our remarks to that system which, as it is the oldest, so it is the most interesting system—namely, the Egyptian.

The hieroglyphic characters from some of which our modern letters are lineally descended may be described as a series of signs, not joined by any ligatures, but separate and distinct from each other.

They were little pictures of men, animals, and birds in various positions; flowers, regal emblems, reptiles, fishes, insects, vases, tools, and many signs that were wholly conventional.

These were arranged in symmetrical order—sometimes in vertical columns, sometimes in horizontal lines—and are always read from the side towards which the characters look.

Bearing in mind the facility and speed with which we form our letters, we may smile at the cumbrous system thus represented; but even to-day the system of picture writing among ourselves has not wholly faded out.

To take one example: in the hieroglyphs a constanly recurring symbol is the "red crown" of Egypt; and the use of the crown abroad on legal and other documents is familiar to all, and other instances might be quoted.

In contrast to modern articles, we now pass on to describe the materials used in the ancient writing of Egypt. The most fastidious taste can to-day find itself suited in the variety of papers—thick or thin, smooth or rough, colored or plain—that are offered for sale; but the Egyptian scribe was limited in the materials at his disposal. Sometimes he wrote on leather, or on pieces of prepared wood, or on linen on which a layer of plaster had been spread. The usual medium, however, was the pith of a reed, the papyrus (from which is derived our modern word "paper"), and which grew in the flat marshy land of the Delta. The process of making this reed-paper is thus described:

"The mode of making the paper was by cutting the pith into thin slices in the direction of its length, which having been laid on a large slab or table, received upon them similar layers at right angles, and the two sets having been glued together, and kept under pressure for a proper time, formed a sheet."

For an inkstand he used a slab either of wood, ivory, porcelain, or alabaster, in one end of which were two or more wells to contain the writing fluid.

Grains of Gold.

Bad taste is a species of bad morals.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

That is true plenty, not to have, but not to want riches.

If you should escape the censure of others, hope not to escape your own.

The cruelty of the effeminate is more dreadful than that of the hardy.

We do that in our zeal our calmer moments would be afraid to answer.

We grow wise as we grow older, but it is by forgetting what we thought we knew.

Cautiously avoid talking of the domestic affairs either of yourself or of other people.

Gratitude is a duty which ought to be paid, but which none have a right to expect.

Man is a thinking being, whether he will or not; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way.

Happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly.

We oftener say things because we can say them well than because they are sound and reasonable.

From David learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.

If thy words be too luxuriant, confine them, lest they confine thee; he that thinks he never can speak enough may easily speak too much.

Femininities.

A great deal of alleged golden hair is plaited.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

Botanist: "This, Miss Harlem, is the tobacco plant." Miss Harlem: "How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?"

Buttons are an odd parasol decoration. Small, silk-covered black ones are set thickly over half the surface of some of the fine black silk specimens.

Sideboard cover and doylies have clusters of vegetables or cups and saucers in Japanese designs, which are very effective when worked in colors.

A smart girl. Expectant old gentleman: "My daughter said you wished to see me." Mystified youth: "She did? Why, she told me you wished to see me."

Elder sister: "Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I daresay; but I could give you a wrinkle or two." Younger sister: "No doubt—and never miss them!"

In Lower Brittany on the birth of a child neighboring women at once take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to "solder its cranium bones."

Always keep carbolic acid convenient for use. It is one of the best disinfectants and insect destroyers that can be used. A small quantity need only be applied at a time.

During the last 25 years Queen Victoria has captured 447 agricultural prizes with stock from her Windsor farms. She takes great interest in cattle shows, and is a good judge of Shorthorns and Jerseys.

"A wealthy man was ruined by new wheat," read Mrs. Talkenc. "This is sad," she commented, "but thousands of wealthy men are ruined by old rye and the papers don't say anything about it."

"Clara," he whispered, ardently, "do you think you could bring yourself to marry me?" "No, George," she answered, with a sad little smile. "I couldn't very well bring myself; I'm so timid. You might bring me though, George."

Momie cloth is used extensively for table wear. On each end of a tray cover is stamped an odd-shaped knife and fork, held together by a design like a twist of ribbon, on the floating ends of which are the words: "We eat to live," and "Peace and plenty."

A neat device for the setting of tables for small parties is to have the table round, with a low basket of flowers in the centre and decoration of smilax reaching out to the edge in each direction, like spokes of a wheel. Each guest has the space between the outer ends of two of the spokes.

They were standing before the bookshelves whereon stood a set of Byron bound in full red morocco, and the poems of Shelley bound in ordinary calf. "Which do you prefer, Miss Mulligatawny, the works of Byron or Shelley?" "Oh, Byron, by all means. Red always was my favorite color."

Queen Victoria is to be the recipient of a rather curious present, which is to come from San Francisco. There is nothing very poetic about the offering, it being a horseshoe, but its novelty is supposed to rest in the circumstance of its manufacture. The sender of the shoe is also the maker, and is a little girl named Annie Bole, aged 13 years.

The girl of the period is responsible for the dude. This conclusion may not be disputed, for it cannot be denied that if the girl of the period were to insist upon something better than small talk, were to discountenance the cigarette school of philosophy, the dude would no longer exist, for the instinct of self-preservation would lead him to kill himself off.

They were both New Yorkers, and the one said to the other: "Boston is not the largest city in this blessed country, but it has its full proportion of naughtiness. I call it a perfect little Gomorrah in its way." To which the descendant of Knickerbockers replied: "I don't know if it is a Gomorrah or not, but, judging by the women I've seen, it can certainly be called a city of the plain."

At fashionable luncheons now for ladies eggnog or some similar beverage is served in the skin of an orange. The pulp and juice are scooped out through an opening made in the top of the fruit, the mixed drink is poured in, and the opening closed by the replacing of the piece of skin cut out. Then it is tied with a ribbon. The beverage is drunk by means of two straws, which, tied together with a bit of ribbon, go with each orange.

A New York woman's operatives' union is trying to bring before the Legislature of that State a bill providing that employers of working-women shall not require their employes to work in rooms which are so poorly ventilated as to endanger the health of the occupants. The bill also demands that decent sanitary arrangements be provided, and that workinggirls be allowed to sit down when not engaged in occupations which make standing necessary.

The minister of a parish in Scotland was called some time ago to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman of a certain village and his wife. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly in him, to say the least of it, to strike Polly with his fist, the minister concluded. "David, you know that the wife is the weaker vessel, and you should have pity on her." "Well, then," said David, sulkily, "if she's the weaker vessel she should carry the less sail."

A Boston woman remarked the other day in a conversation which turned upon the peculiarities of an acquaintance: "Well, you see, the trouble with Eunice is that she's got the fourth temperament." "I have heard," one of her hearers remarked, "of the fourth dimension, but never heard of the fourth temperament. What is it?" "I was instructed by a wise woman," was the smiling reply, "that there are four temperaments: the nervous, the physical, the pious and the worrying. Now, Eunice undoubtedly has the worrying, and that explains why it is so hard to live with her. She is a most excellent woman, but we wouldn't one of us be hired to live with her."

Masculinities.

Governor Biggs, of Delaware, owns 30 000 peach trees.

Poverty is not a sin, but it is twice as bad in the opinion of the world.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Some men never like to be alone. Because a man is judged by his company, you know.

Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life.

It is mighty curious how big some sins look until after a man has committed them himself.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

The children of the fellow who gets our best girl are a great deal uglier than they would have been if ——.

If there were ten chairs in the room and one freshly painted it would be the fate of a man to sit on that chair.

James H. Hall, a machinist in Cincinnati, 25 years old, has broken the record and married his mother-in-law.

At a Kansas wedding the groom charged the guests 50 cents for supper, and sold them popcorn at 5 cents a package.

There is a time in every man's life when he thinks there is nothing sweeter under the sun than somebody's daughter.

A dainty requisite for the smoking-room is a miniature street lamp of silver supplied with all the necessary attachments.

Gilhooly: "Capital is the child of labor." De Smith: "Yes, but I notice the parent is often ashamed to associate with the offspring."

An appropriate ornamentation for an angler's watch consists of two ruby fishing rods crossed above a bait-box set with diamonds.

The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop door: "Gone to bury my wife; return in half an hour."

Albany, Ga., has a 122 year-old darky who says he used to see George Washington often, and "hist my hat and say 'howdy' to him."

A lawn tennis net of gold, on which rests a racquet of the same material, and a pearl representing the ball, is a very artistic scarfpin.

"My idea of a moral hero," said Whackby, "is a man who speaks what he thinks." "No," said Cosler, "it's the man who speaks what you think."

There are many ways of acquiring celebrity. You can paint a picture, write a poem, save several hundred people from a watery grave, or eat 53 fried eggs at one meal.

When a man conveys to you in a loud tone of voice, and the language of slang, profanity, and bad grammar the information that he is a gentleman, it is a waste of time to doubt him.

There is a bright bit of humor in the telegram received at a golden wedding lately from a former pastor, now a missionary among the Mormons: "It is is better to live with one wife 50 years than with 50 wives one year."

Popstar: "I was just conversing with a gentleman whose name I do not know. Perhaps you can tell me, Mrs. Lopstar?" Mrs. Lopstar: "I am inclined to think it was my husband. Oh, by the way, what was he talking about?" "Well, about himself, chiefly." "Oh! yes; that was Charlie, sure enough."

"What's the trouble with you?" asked the doctor. "Insomnia," replied the patient. "Can't sleep, eh?" "Not four hours a night." "Ever tried anything?" "Tried everything, all no good." "Ever try trying to keep awake?" Patient sees hope for himself in an experiment that never was known to fail.

A broom manufacturing concern in Duluth, in settling a strike, reinstated all its married employes and gave notice that all single men in its employ would be discharged after a certain date unless in the meantime they became benedicts. This is a revelation of the striking relation the broomstick bears to matrimony.

A student in a certain university, who was fined five dollars for disturbing his class, paid the greater part of it in pennies, about a quarter of an hour being occupied in counting over the amount. This singular mode of "serving out" the professor who inflicted the fine was carried out amidst the laughter of the class, by whom the amount had been subscribed.

Piney Poole, chalking his cue: "Did yer get that place in the down-town store, Ally?" Ally Rounder: "Naw." Piney Poole: "What's the matter? Didn't yer have references?" Ally Rounder: "I had nine of 'em from places I've worked at in the last two years, 'n' the old bloke wasn't satisfied. He wouldn't be satisfied with nothin', he wouldn't. Bust 'em, Pinby."

"Why, of course, I didn't thank him," said a young lady in a street car to a companion when a gentleman arose and gave a seat. "He don't expect it either. You see, a gentleman knows a lady's thankful if he gives her a seat, and then a masher doesn't get a chance to try and scrape an acquaintance. We can't be expected to talk to a man because he does a thing like that. Of course, a gentleman knows it. Did you ever see a person who wasn't thankful to get a seat in a crowded car?"

Women book agents who know their business have a clever arrangement for concealing in their skirts their sample book and all other trace of their business. Their skirt is slit at one side as though for a huge pocket, but instead of a pocket attached to the skirt, which would inevitably bulge out or pull the skirt down when loaded with a heavy book, there is a sort of bag hung beneath the dress from a strap that passes over the shoulder. A very large book slipped through the slit in the skirt into the bag leaves no outward trace, and with her implements thus concealed the book agent can gain access almost anywhere, no matter how close the scrutiny of bell-boy or servant.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for May is a very striking "Study of a Head," engraved from a drawing by James Lamb, R. A. As a work of art it is of very high merit. The opening part of a story by W. Clark Russell, entitled "Jenny Harlowe," is of remarkable interest. The second instalment of Arthur Paterson's story, "The Better Man," fulfils the promise of the first, and three chapters of Marion Crawford's "Sant' Ilario" are given. There are two interesting descriptive articles, beautifully illustrated: "A Peep into the Coal Country," by G. Blake Walker, and a sketch of Abingdon, on the Thames. A unique feature of this number is a poem by Kate Carter, with seven pages of characteristic illustrations by Louis Wain, entitled "A Cat without a Tail." H. D. Traill's "Et Cetera" department is fresh and bright as usual.

The complete novel in the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is by Gen. Lloyd Bryce, and is entitled "A Dream of Conquest." In idea it is something similar to the famous "Battle of Dorking." The "Recollections of George W. Childs" will be read with interest. Judge Albion W. Tourgee contributes another of his interesting series of stories, which have appeared under the head of "With Gauge and Swallow." The present instalment is called "A Legal Impressionist." "Fitz-Greene Halleck" is the subject of one of R. H. Stoddard's characteristic critical sketches. Other articles in the number are "Social Life Under the Directory," by Annie H. Wharton; "Who Was She?" a story, by Madeline Vinton Dahlgren; "A Silent Minority," by Julia K. Wetherill, and poetry by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Harrison S. Morris, Charles L. Hildreth, and Clarence Ladd Davis. The various departments are well supplied with crisp and entertaining reading.

Among the leading articles of the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* are two in continuation of the discussion on "Agnosticism." One is a long rejoinder by Prof. Huxley; the second, "Cowardly Agnosticism," by W. H. Mallock, Dr. Andrew D. White, in his account of "Diabolism and Hysteria," records the later stages of the waning belief in possession of the devil. Other papers are, "Glaciers on the Pacific Coast," (illustrated) by Prof. G. Frederick Wright; "Toad Stools and Mushrooms," by Prof. T. H. McBride; "The Production of Beet Sugar," by A. H. Almy; "Fabulous Astronomy," by Prof. S. C. Houzeau; "Is Christian Science a Creed?" by Joshua F. Bally; "Mischief-Makers in Milk," "The Animal World of Well Waters," and "The Oelnock Language." The subject of the portrait and sketch this month is Prof. William G. Summer, of Yale. "Christian Science," is denounced editorially, and another editorial discusses Dr. Abbott's position on the "Devil Theory." The other departments present their usual variety. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

SUPERSTITION OF SHOES.—It is said that if old shoes are burned, snakes will squirm away from the place, while to keep old shoes, that are past wearing, about the place will surely bring good luck.

Among negroes in the South, the "old aunties" say that burned shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head and parched shoes and hog hoofs is a good mixture for coughs.

It is said that old maids believe that when their shoes come untied, and keep coming untied, it is true their sweethearts are talking and thinking about them.

The sweetheart, when on the way to see his lady love, should stub his right toe he will surely be welcome, but if he stubs his left he may know that he is not wanted.

When a pair of new shoes are brought home, never place them on a shelf higher than your head if you would have good luck while wearing them, and never blacken them before you have had both shoes on else you may meet with an accident, and perhaps sudden death. So say the old Irish women who have made a study of these matters.

If a Scotch lassie believes that should she by accident drop her new shoes before they have been worn, they will surely lead her into trouble.

The German mother says that should she lose the heel of her shoe, one of her children will die before the year is out; while should a French lady meet with such an accident to her high heeled slippers, disappointment in love is sure to follow.

Taste in the selection of foot gear is said to indicate the character. Should a young man be careless of his shoe laces 'tis said that he will be as neglectful of his wife, but in case he laces his shoes very tight he will be attentive but very stingy towards her.

Should you meet a person whose shoes are "worn on the toe" you may put him down as a certainty that he "spends as he goes," and on the same authority it is said that the girl that has her shoes "worn on the side" is surely fated to be a "rich man's bride."

WHILE SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE COLD, I became so hoarse that it was with great difficulty I could speak so as to be understood. While in this condition, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant not only gave me immediate relief, but in three or four days completely removed the Hoarseness and cured my Cold.—Rev. S. F. HENDEN, formerly of Camden, N. J.

APT ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Sitting on the fence" is rather a happy way to express the position of politicians who are ready to go back or forward, to jump down on this side or that, as circumstances suggest.

"A scheme to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred dollars for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few dollars for the poor," is not a very bad hit at a charity ball.

A comedy has been wittily likened to a cigar. If it's good, every one wants a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.

A youngster who saw a steamer for the first time, exclaimed: "Look! There's a railway-engine having a bath!"

A locomotive has been called a professional place-hunter.

A school-girl defined a bustle as a "hollow mockery;" and a boy described a law suit as the things a policeman wears.

A little girl was heard to say to her favorite doll: "You know, dollie, if you first cry and then you smile, a rainbow will come on your face."

Children have often a happy knack of making apt illustrations. A boy on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping suddenly before it gets there."

The useful article, the needle, has been called a rent-collector.

"The edge of night" is a proverbial phrase for just before dark; and an adder is a polite euphemism for one who enlarges upon the truth.

Lies, we are told, are falsehoods that have been found out; gossip means putting two and two together and making five out of them.

Curious was the eulogy of a poetical lover, who, writing to his sweetheart and expatiating upon his affection for her, described his heart as being rolled out flat like a pancake and folded round hers.

In the fashionable vocabulary, the bride may be described as a peg on which finery of all kinds is hung; the bridegroom, a sober, black object following the bride, of no account in particular, yet without whom there would be no fuss, and the fun could not go on.

Matrimony has many smiles. To the physician it may appear like an inverted fever, which begins with warmth and ends with a chill; to the chemist, a simple affinity; the druggist, a cooling powder; the lawyer, a legal contract; the merchant, a speculation, as often unlucky as not; the poet, a romance which passes through several editions; the actor, a tragi-comedy which is always applauded by the public; the musician, a concert in which love plays the lute, the neighbors the trumpet, and the husband the solo cornet; and finally, to the soldier, matrimony will be a campaign which sometimes extends to a seven years', and sometimes to a thirty years' war.

What is an apt illustration of a secret? Anything that has been made known to everybody in a whisper.

And what is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.

A not unhappy illustration of the height of impudence is the calling up of one doctor to learn the address of another.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster, and nonsense was well defined when someone said: "Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

The same authority, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

A bore is thus summed up in rhyme: "Do you ask me what a bore is? I will tell you who is such; 'tis the one who knows too little, 'tis the one who knows too much."

A bigot is a man who doesn't believe in allowing other dogs to wag their own tails in their own particular way.

A genius was pithily described by an old lady of great experience, a boarding-house keeper—"as a man who knows more than he can find out, spills 'victles' on his clothes, and doesn't pay his board regularly."

Voltaire describes a physician as an unfortunate gentleman expected every day to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

An Irishman's idea of a rich man is one who bites off more than he can chew, and a poor man chews more than he can bite off.

Advertisements are often very amusing in their attempts to illustrate aptly the art of puffing.

For example a vendor of a new tobacco thus descr.bes it: "It is like your first love—fresh, genial and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the cravings of your soul." The author of that advertisement would no doubt agree with the statement, that the man who does not advertise liberally has been very appropriately compared to a man who has a lantern but who is too stingy to buy a candle.

A man who is neither a free-trader nor a protectionist thus illustrates his charitable feelings towards his neighbor: "I should like to have a hole in my fence big enough to let my hens get into my neighbor Jones' garden, but too small to allow neighbor Jones' hens to get into my garden."

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight. Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kidney acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which "has no symptoms of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

ABOUT HEAD-DRESSING.

FROM the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, the attirement of the human frame has undergone, at any rate amongst European nations, an almost ceaseless round of variation, probably in no case more so than in the matter of that pertaining to the adornment of the head.

As regards the careful and elaborate dressing of the hair, and the desire to, in some form or other, decorate it, that has been, and still remains, common alike to savage races and to those who have attained to the highest known point of civilization, for from time immemorial women have braided or curled their hair in an infinite variety of ways, and decorated their heads with all manner of metal and jewelled ornaments.

Amongst Eastern nations the veil has been almost uniformly adopted as a covering for the female head, and even in communities where concealment of the face is not compulsory, it still, in some form or other, retains its sway.

Amongst early European women the veil was generally worn, and traces of the fashion remain in the mantilla of the Spanish ladies, and in the short but flowing draperies of some of the head-dresses worn by Roman peasants.

From statues and vases we may gain a good general idea of the coiffure fashionable amongst the early Grecian and Roman dames.

As a rule, their hair appears to have been closely dressed to the head, either waved or plaited; occasionally, however, variations are to be met with in the way of ringlets, or extremely long plaits, reaching almost to the ground.

Jewelled and embroidered bands and fillets, garlands of flowers, corn, or vine-leaves, and ornamental feathers adorned the heads of these classic ladies; but, almost without exception, the head-dress was kept low, a fashion, no doubt, consequent upon the general use of the veil or mantle by the female members of the community; for, though hats were worn by Grecian and Roman men when traveling, or seated in open theatres, women when abroad contented themselves with the former, and an umbrella, the latter carried in the hand or borne aloft by slaves.

In France and England, closely-braided hair, veils, mantles and hoods were the prevailing fashion until the Crusading epoch, at which period the first traces of a taste for a more elevated style of head-dress become apparent in those countries.

This change in style was no doubt attributable to the warrior knights, who, probably, admiring the lofty horns and pendent veils worn by the Druse women of the Lebanon, introduced them to the notice of the ladies of their own country, by whom they were eagerly adopted and speedily exaggerated—for the single and double horns quickly assumed proportions of such prodigious magnitude that, during the first half of the fifteenth century, women at a distance looked like moving pillars, the horns they wore being frequently over a yard in height, with, on either side, enormous wings made of lawn stiffened by wire.

Though denounced by the clergy and ridiculed by the men, these lofty head-dresses held their own and continued for so many years fashionable, that we are told the ceilings of the Castle of Vincennes were raised to accommodate the ladies who resided there; in many instances doorways were widened to enable ladies to pass through them; and architects were compelled, when forming their plans, to make undue allowance for door-space in order to accommodate these female adornments.

In mediæval times, when it was quite an every-day occurrence for laws to be passed regulating the quality of the material, as well as the fashion and embellishment of clothes to be worn by various grades of society, it is no matter of surprise to find that head-dresses shared in these sumptuary laws; and that, as one instance, the Mayor of Chester issued, in the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII., an edict that, to distinguish married from unmarried women, no unmarried woman was to be allowed to wear white or colored caps, and that no woman was to wear a hat unless when she rode or went abroad into the country.

In the "Lettres Persanes," written in 1717, in allusion to the towering head-dress, a statement is made to the effect that they placed the face of the wearer in the centre of her figure.

To facilitate this, the "Commodes" were invented, which consisted of a frame of wire covered with silk, upon which the whole head-attire could be adjusted on a bust like those which perruque-makers set upon their stands.

In the "History of Fashion in France," mention is made of a head-dress which was composed of various ornaments fastened in the hair, such as birds, butterflies, cardboard Cupids, branches of trees and vegetables. Louis Philippe's mother wore a head-dress in which every one might admire her eldest son in the arms of his nurse, a parrot pecking at a cherry, a little negro, and various designs worked with the hair of the Royal Duke.

At this period the enormous height of the head-dresses was such that the wearers were either compelled to put their heads out of the windows or to kneel upon the carriage floor in order to accommodate them, and during the royal progresses of Marie Antoinette special attention had to be paid to the height of the arches under which the carriage she rode in had to pass.

A MAN once called upon a portrait painter and asked him to paint his father. "But where is your father?" asked he of the brush. "Oh, he died ten years ago." "Then how can I paint him?" asked the artist. "Why," was the reply, "I have just seen your portrait of Moses. Surely, if you can paint the portrait of a man who died thousands of years ago, you can more easily paint the portrait of my father, who has only been dead ten years." Seeing the sort of man with whom he had to deal, the artist undertook the work. When the picture was finished, the newly blossomed art patron was called in to see it. He gazed at it in silence for some time, his eyes filling with tears, and then softly and reverently said: 'So that is my father? Ah, how he has changed!"

WHY?—The nomenclature of the base ball diamond has no terror for the boys of the land, and a 14 year-old lad who frowns and sulks when he has to learn the definitions of half a dozen new words in a spelling lesson will save his coppers and buy a copy of the newest base ball manuals, and, within four hours, not only learn the new rules by rote, but know the definition of every three or four syllable word in the book. Just why this is no one knows. It may be due to the same reason that makes a boy sulk when he is asked to carry a hod of coal from the cellar, while afterwards he'll run his legs off around the bases of a base ball diamond without a murmur.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC ON THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 1's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

A gallant oyster loved a sponge,
In the depths of the dark blue sea,
And the sponge which the gallant oyster loved
Was as fair as a sponge could be.

But the sponge the oyster's love disdained,
With a manner most cold and curt;
To feel that his love by a sponge was spurned
Did the pride of the oyster hurt.

Fate came at last; the sponge caught cold,
And she died of membr'ous croup,
While the gallant oyster, who loved the sponge,
Found he was in the soup!

—U. N. Nonn.

A hard case—The turtle's.

Joint education—Gymnastics.

A dark secret—A kiss in a tunnel.

A serious case—A doctor without one.

Concise advice to organists—Mind your stops.

The watchmaker knows as much about spring cleaning as his wife does.

How can you cause an inanimate object to speak?—By making a tart reply.

Christian Scientist: "Do you believe in spirits?" Kentuckian: "Thanks, don't keer if I do."

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.

"The only way to prevint what's past," says Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."

Somebody asks: "Why don't our young men come to the front?" Because the bald-headed men get the seats first.

Leather from green hides can now be made instantaneously by electricity. If this thing goes on a man may soon have his boots made by lightning.

Brown: "Come round next Saturday and dine, unless it should rain." Jones: "But suppose it should rain?" Brown: "Well, then, come the day before."

About this time of year the family wood pile becomes so distasteful to the small boy that he thinks seriously of shipping as a pirate—preferring the sea to the saw.

A Nevada miner hurled a brother miner down a shaft 100 feet deep because he persisted in singing "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye." He will be hung bye-and-bye.

After a teacher in a riding school had picked himself up from the tan, he thoughtfully remarked: "I fancied I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off."

Sophronia: "Yes, an agnostic is one that neither affirms nor denies, as you say. That is to say, he doesn't affirm that you know anything and doesn't deny that he knows everything."

A rustic once took his child away from school. When asked why he had done so, he said: "I be no scholard myself, but I knows I'll not have my child teached to spell 'taters' with a 'p.'"

Doctor: "What your husband needs, madam, is a change of scene." Mrs. de Temper: "Do you think he should go away for his health?" Doctor: "Well, it doesn't matter which goes—you or he!"

Robinson, at the club: "You are getting to be a great club man, Brown; I see you here every night now. Wife away?" Brown: "No; she insisted upon it that I must buy her a piano—and—I did."

"The older you grow the more you know," says the old proverb. This is another of those fallacious sayings that time exposes. Just think how little the old men of to-day know compared with the young ones!

Wife, just back from a concert: "Oh! it was heavenly! At first there was the greatest chattering going on, but when Herr Allerman sat down at the piano and began to play, everybody was struck absolutely dumb." Husband: "What! you, too?"

"Well, well," mused the love lorn youth, "I'm in a fix. If I marry Mabel people will say that I married her for her money; and if I suddenly give her up from conscientious motives, people will say that she jilted me because I am poor. I guess I'll brave opinion and propose at once."

Customer: "I see you are advertising full sets of teeth for $5." Dentist, cautiously: "Y-e-s, sir. Do you live at home?" Customer: "No, I board." Dentist, with dignity: "You certainly cannot expect an $8 set to be of any use in a boarding-house, sir. My charge to you, sir, will be $15."

He proposed on the way home from church one Sunday evening. She was too young to marry and did not want him, but she said "Yes," with the stipulation that he should get her father's consent. The young man was happy until he discovered the next day that his adored one's father had been dead several years.

Photographer, impatiently: "I thought you called yourself a first-class re-toucher?" New man: "Yes, sir; that is my profession." "Huh! This negative of Miss Snubnose, the wealthy young society actress, is a fright, a perfect fright, sir!" "Eh? What's the matter with it?" "Matter? Good gracious! Why, it still looks like her."

Before marriage: "Excuse me, George. Did my parasol hurt you?" "Oh, no, dear; it would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage: "Now, then, do be careful! There was never a woman under the sun who knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out." "And there never was a man who knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." "There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol!"

JAPANESE DWELLINGS.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society of Japan a paper was read by a member on the hygiene of Japanese houses, in which he combats the idea that dwelling houses in that country are very unhealthy. A Japanese house is, on the whole, suited to Japanese life, he contended.

"The extreme airiness of the structure prevents the charcoal fires doing the inhabitants any injury. Its chief defects can be easily remedied. The boarding of the floor can be made more close-fitting; ventilating panels should be used; the ceilings could with advantage be higher, and the drainage should be well looked after. Among foreigners there is distinctly more illness in brick and stone houses than in the wood or frame houses, on account of the damp generally remaining in the walls of the brick houses, while it dries up almost immediately in the others."

The remarkably small infant mortality among the Japanese, he maintained, shows that their houses are healthy and suited to their modes of life.

A WIDOWER was at the altar for the fourth time. During the marriage service the sound of sobbing came from the rear of the family group, and an astonished guest inquired—

"Who is the woman in tears? Some old flame?"

"That's cook," answered one of the children. "She always cries when papa is married."

A LAUDABLE INQUIRY.—Omaha man—"You naughty boy, Dick, don't you know better than to ask people how much money they have? I hope you will excuse the child, Mr. Nicefellow."

Mr. Nicefellow—"Of course, of course. The little fellow didn't know what he was talking about."

Dick—"Yes I did, too. Sis said she wished to know, and I wanted to tell her."

IN an article on a recent Fair, an editor of a Georgia paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

THINGS DOCTORS DO NOT KNOW

Their Ignorance Illustrated in the Robinson Poisoning Cases.

There was a commotion among the doctors at recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, when it was found that reporters for secular newspapers were taking notes. Papers bearing specially on the notorious Robinson arsenical poisoning cases had been announced.

Dr. Holt declared that there was general ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and claimed that because of this ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing suspicions on the part of medical men. There were, he said, at least eight cases of criminal poisoning; seven occurred within five years, and in one family, and the other was that of a relative.

The cases were all treated by physicians of large practice, prominent in the profession, and yet no suspicion of arsenical poisoning was aroused until an organization in which the victims were insured tried to determine by investigation why so many persons died suddenly in this family.

In support of his statement as to the ignorance of medical men of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, the doctor remarked that certificates of death were given in five of the Robinson cases as follows: pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease and Bright's disease.

The startling disclosure of the stupid ignorance shown in the treatment of those cases is quite in keeping with the usual indiscretion manifested by the profession in the treatment of persons who are sufferers from the slow and subtle poison which is generated in the system from a diseased state of the kidneys.

The afflicted are treated for consumption, apoplexy, for brain and various nervous disorders, when in most instances, it is shown, when too late, that the patient was wrongfully and ignorantly treated for a supposed disease which was, in reality, but a symptom of kidney disease, and should have been timely treated as such by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which is the only remedy known that can be successfully relied on in the treatment of such disease.

Such exhibitions of stupidity by those who profess great intelligence in such matters is calculated to destroy confidence, and it can be well said that a remedy like Warner's Safe Cure, which places the direct means of preserving health in the sufferer's hands, is far more meritorious than high-priced medical advice which is so generally worthless and too often based upon an erroneous opinion as to the true cause of illness.

Human life is just a little too precious to the average individual to be sacrificed to the bigotry or ignorance of others.

WANTED—The address of one WILLIAM BIEBER, son of Charles Bieber, deceased, who lived in Philadelphia in 1861. He being an heir to his father's estate his address is wanted by
C. P. RICHEY, Adm'r, Van Wert, Ohio.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. *N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.*

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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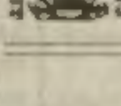

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

Latest Fashion Phases.

The new silks have rarely been surpassed in coloring and design. They recall the most beautiful brocades which have survived the ravages of time in the French palaces, originating in the days when Louis XVI. and his predecessor and successor held sway in France, while some are inspired by the Eastern dreams of the "Arabian Nights." Tinsel plays an important part, and with the fashionable colors is seen to the best advantage.

One lovely design of Louis XVI.'s time had a bold gold scroll on a satin ground, with picotees thrown carelessly over the surface, some pink, some blue, others yellow—all shaded naturally; and the stiff scroll, which formed a stripe, was in admirable contrast to the careless grace and divers coloring of the flowers.

Quite different is a satin ground, with a stiff stripe of leaves not unlike the laurel, in brocade, the lights and shades accentuated with gold and little berries at the base of the leaves.

This is stiff, but handsome, and suited exactly to the richness of the material. Gold threads appear also in a beautiful design prepared for the Paris Exhibition; bold palm leaves and other Eastern vegetation in charming colors—crevette and gold, Nile and gold, white and green, pink and light yellow are the favorite combinations.

In some of the handsomest floral brocades the centres of the flowers are tinsel, and one stiff diamond pattern like quilting had the diamond outlined in gold. This is made in many varieties of gold and white, gold and green, gold and gray.

Some of the stiff conventional wreath patterns forming stripes are only a part of the patterns in the Empire style, and have a floral border either on one side or on each side of the selvedge.

An original design was a succession of suns in satin, on a silk ground, with the reflection from the rays in corded silk. This was to be had in many varieties, each in two tones of the same color. We prefer the chartreuse with a darker tone.

A wealth of flowers is often introduced into one design with a variety of coloring; terra-cotta blends with green, light yellow with pink, green with brown, and black with white, the contrast always being vivid and decided.

The weaving is as curious, thick and varied as the colorings. One pattern resembled flashes of lightning all over—we could compare it to nothing else; another was a faithful reproduction of the designs found on some of the Louis XV. furniture; while in others, a beautiful example, recalled the waving feather fans of some Eastern harem, amid a lacework of palms.

Brocatelle in a few rich makes are to the fore. Stripes in armure blend with satin, and most of these richer patterns have plain satins to match.

Many of the handsomest silks are a study in greens, like the wavy green vegetation to be seen in a marsh, or the sedges of a river.

A combination of hartshougue, maidenhair and wild geranium showed each bloom distinct, and apparently independent of the other. In some, a light fern pattern is thrown on to a conventional floral pattern, as if it had really been laid lightly upon it, after the rest had been completed. The colors combined are mahogany and gold, reseda and vandyke, gold with black, gray with blue.

The new foulards are quaintly printed on reseda, brown, black, terra-cotta, coquelicot, vieux rose, and Empire-green grounds.

Often the stiff floral design is printed in black, with white sprays adjacent; a spider's web in white is an accompaniment to black flowers; some show a slight brocaded flower as well as printed ones. Bamboo with light feathery lines has a wonderful effect.

Nothing could be in more marked contrast than the slight effect of the patterns in the foulards, and the intricacy of the patterns in the brocades.

The made-up dresses are some admirable examples designed by Worth in his happiest mood; for example, a black and gold silk in the Empire style, but not the ordinary exemplification of the period with which we are now overburdened.

The back, of rich striped silk, had a draped train, and by an original arrangement this was cut sufficiently long to turn down from the waist to the depth of half a yard, giving some fulness at the top without the hard camel's hump which has made the dress improver ludicrous.

In none of these French skirts are there any steels, but, to meet the requirements of some persons, a slight one, 10 inches long, is inserted.

Skirts are not cut very wide in the foundation, but an appearance of width is produced by the outside arrangement. In this instance the front was covered with coarse-meshed cream net, interthreaded with narrow ribbon.

The bodice was pointed, and had a vest of plain silk with the covering of net and was hooked under the arm. The skirt fastened on to the bodice at the waist.

This narrow ribbon threaded through lace with holes prepared for it plays an important part in these unique gowns. One had a foundation of striped black and chartreuse silk of a brilliant hue, which was so pleated that occasionally only the green, and occasionally only the black was seen.

There was a deep flounce at the foot, and panels at the side, the front and back being covered with black piece lace edged with a full frill of lace, but this was kept in place by runners of narrow ribbon in semi-circular form.

The skirt was simply piped at the top and fastened over the bodice, which was also covered with lace, threaded through in the same way.

The back of the bodice was made of the striped green and black silk, with a lace yoke; the sleeves were puffed.

Coarse-meshed net in black and white, called Egyptienne, had been employed in black for another dress with long draperies and a wide hem interthreaded with narrow ribbon.

Much Bengaline is worn, for it drapes well, and a great deal of cloth is mixed with silk. We want you to fully realize the picturesque beauty of one gown so combined.

A long coat of black silk, with 4 inch wide satin stripes; there were two full breadths at the back and two side gores, and it ended just under the arms.

There was a double front of gray cloth opening over pink, perfectly plain and straight; the gray was bordered with open leaflets in a double line, the stem in the centre; the actual leaf had been cut away, but the edge was outlined with pearls, and the pink beneath showed through.

The back of the bodice was cut in one with the skirt, the stripes running perpendicularly; but in front, where it was double-breasted, and in the tight coat sleeves, the stripes were arranged horizontally.

On the skirt at the side, meeting the edge of the bodice, were flap pockets, with large buttons, matching those on the front. A pink waistcoat peeped from beneath the straight-cut waist of the coat.

But the distinguishing feature of this dress was a rounded cape coming to the shoulders at the back, and a square collar on that; these in front expanded into enormous revers on the chest.

There are varieties of coloring in light loose tweeds, widely crossed by lines of two vague, contrasting colors, and delicately splashed with a bright one. These are intended to take the place of the braided cloth gowns that have recently been popular.

For cool wear there are some tropical tweeds in neutral tints, as light and as neat as anyone could wish. For morning gowns on hot summer days, for traveling and country wear, these tropical tweeds are highly to be recommended.

Odds and Ends.

THE USE OF COCOANUTS.

Only the residents in a tropical climate have the opportunity of appreciating to the full the luscionsness of a cocoanut in its early stage.

Here they arrive dry and hard, the milk in them nearly all absorbed, and the little that remains seldom sweet, while the white kernel is only fit for cooking purposes, excepting to the happy possessors of an irreproachable digestion.

But the cocoanut of the tropics is quite a different affair. It looks to an inexperienced eye something like a green walnut of Brobdignagian proportions; but cut away the soft husk at the top of the fruit, and with a large spoon scoop out the pulpy substance within, it is soft, sweet, cool and delicious, and affords meat and drink in one.

As the cocoanut ripens, the outer shell turns brown and hard, though always fibrous, and furnishes the material for matting, &c.

Almost everyone is aware that the cocoanut tree belongs to the palm tribe; it grows to an enormous height, slim and straight, with the fruit in clusters of three or four at the top.

The men who climb the trees, barefooted, carry with them long ropes to which they attach the bunches of fruit, carefully lowering them to those underneath.

But, however delicious, the young cocoanut is quite unattainable here, and though invaluable in cases of cold or fever—for it is nutritious as well as cooling—it is, of course, unusable for puddings, tarts, &c.

For these latter many people like the tinned or desiccated cocoanut, but, except in one or two instances, which we shall mention further on, we infinitely prefer the freshly grated fruit.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Take the weight of three eggs in butter, caster sugar, flour and grated cocoanut; beat up the butter with the sugar, add the flour and cocoanut, a dessertspoonful of rosewater, and the beaten eggs; butter a mould, pour in the mixture, cover the mould and tie it in a cloth; put it in a saucepan of boiling water (with the water just up to the rim of the mould) and boil it for two and a half hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Cheesecakes.—Slightly warm 1oz. of butter, beat up with it 2oz. of caster sugar, add 2oz. of grated cocoanut, a dessertspoonful of rosewater, or a few drops of vanilla essence, then the beaten yolks of two eggs, and about two tablespoonfuls of the cocoanut or other milk; have ready six small patty pans, lined with puff paste, place a little of the mixture in each, and bake them in a brisk oven for ten or fifteen minutes; when done, brush them over with the white of an egg and leave them for a minute more in the oven.

Cake.—Cream one-quarter pound of butter, mix it with one-quarter pound of caster sugar, one-half pound of flour, 2oz. of grated cocoanut, a flavoring of rosewater or vanilla, three well-beaten eggs, and a very little of the cocoanut or other milk; butter a small cake tin, pour in the mixture, lay a piece of buttered paper on the top, and bake in a brisk oven.

Tart.—Boil a quarter pint of milk, then add one-quarter pound of grated cocoanut, 2 s of sugar, and a flavoring of lemon, vanilla or rosewater; boil altogether for a few minutes, then turn it into a basin; when cold, beat up two eggs, mix them in; have ready a flat dish, lined with puff paste, pour in the mixture and bake for about half an hour; sprinkle the tart with powdered sugar.

Pudding.—Simmer three tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut in one pint of milk for about twenty minutes; beat up three eggs, add 2oz. of caster sugar and a few chopped almonds; stir this into the milk, and stir over the fire for a few minutes; then pour it into a buttered pie dish, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. If desiccated cocoanut is used, it should soak for two hours in the warm milk.

Chejados.—Clarify 1lb. of lump sugar in half a pint of water, peel and grate a small cocoanut, add it to the sugar, also a tablespoonful of rosewater; let it simmer over the fire till soft, stirring it continually; turn it into a basin, and when cool stir in the well-beaten yolks of five eggs; have ready some nice puff paste, cut it into rounds about the size of a teacup, pinch up the edges of these rounds rather deeply, put some of the mixture in each, and bake in a brisk oven. This is a very old recipe, and the paste used for it was made with flour and beaten eggs only.

Cakes.—Peel and cut up very finely a small cocoanut; pour one pint of boiling water on 1lb. of coarse brown sugar, skim it, then put it in a saucepan with the cocoanut and a little ground ginger; let it boil, stirring it frequently till the sugar looks ready to candy, then drop the mixture in small cakes on a dish well wetted with cold water. The nut may be grated and made into cakes, using white sugar instead of brown; colored with cochineal they look very pretty.

With Oranges.—Grate the cocoanut, peel the oranges, cut them in slices, have a layer of them at the bottom of a glass dish, sprinkle them with the cocoanut, arrange another layer of oranges, and so on till the dish be full or all the fruit used, finishing with the cocoanut, on which put a layer of fine caster sugar.

Pyramids.—Take 4oz. of grated cocoanut, mix with it 3oz. of caster sugar, the yolk of one egg, and a little flavoring of vanilla or rosewater; flour a tin sheet very lightly, and with the fingers form the mixture into little pyramids; bake for a few minutes in a brisk oven.

Bread Pudding.—Mix with 3oz. of grated cocoanut 4oz. of breadcrumb, 3oz. of sugar, about half a pint of cocoanut or other milk, add two well-beaten eggs; butter a pie dish, pour in the mixture, place a piece of butter about the size of a walnut on the top, and bake in a moderate oven.

Confidential Correspondents.

EIGHTEEN.—Any person 21 years old may marry without parental consent.

A. M. D.—It is quite proper for a young lady to invite a young gentleman to call upon her at her home.

C. E. P.—As you are well acquainted with the gentleman, and there is a certain understanding between you, there would be no harm in your sending him a present or card if you felt so disposed; but it seems to us it should be the other way round—he should send one to you.

PARE.—In assisting a lady to mount, in case there are no riding steps, the gentleman lowers his right hand to a convenient distance for the lady to place her left foot in it. Then with her right hand on the pommel of the saddle, the left on his shoulder she gives a light spring—he lifting.

C. M. D.—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were two English mathematicians and surveyors, who were appointed to run a line between the State of Pennsylvania and the States of Maryland and Virginia. This was performed between 1763 and 1767, and for a long period formed the northern boundary of the former States.

SANITAS.—Deafness caused by partial closing of the Eustachian tube is certainly curable, but you would have to undergo a slight operation with the view to the enlarging of the canal. If the deafness arises only from nervous debility, it is probable that with a return to a condition of health and strength the malady would disappear.

WRECK.—Submarine armor consists of a flexible water-proof suit for the body, of India rubber or other suitable material, and of a metal mask for the head, which is joined by a water-proof connection with the suit. The diver sinks by the aid of weights attached to his feet. Air is supplied by means of a flexible tube, through which it is constantly forced by an air pump.

SUBSCRIBER.—To cover a deal gipsy table with postage stamps requires a little patience and neatness. Have the top perfectly free from grit, and then, with the aid of gum, put on each stamp separately until you have covered the entire surface. Then, to get the stamps to lie flat, press by means of heavy weights. When the gum is quite dry, give the table a coating of parchment varnish.

ALBERT.—"Trade winds" are those that trend in one uniform track. In the Northern hemisphere they blow from the northeast, and in the Southern hemisphere from the southeast, about thirty degrees each side of the equator. In some places they blow six months in one direction. The popular idea that the name is derived from trade, under the notion that they are "good for trade," is erroneous.

B. R.—Gray hair is supposed to result from several causes. One of these supposed causes is contraction of the skin at the roots of the hair which prevents the coloring matter from ascending the minute tube in the interior of the hair. It is in this way that cold is supposed to act on the fur-bearing animals of the north, whose fur turns white in winter. In man this contraction may be caused by cold, grief, fear, fever, and other causes, as also age. Another supposed cause is a super-abundance of lime in the system, or a drying up of the fluids of the body, thus depositing solid lime within the hair tubes, and so hindering the flow of coloring matter. There is no certain means known by which this change of color may be prevented. Could the exact cause of change in any instance be known a remedy might be applied; but this is not easily ascertained. A premature change is often constitutional, and in this case is beyond cure.

HARDEN.—Meerschaum is not sea-foam, otherwise than etymologically. Physically it is a species of magnesian mineral, which is found largely in Austrian Moravia, occurring between thick layers of serpentine rock. It also occurs in Spain. But the best meerschaum comes from Asia Minor. The beds there are worked by Armenian Christians, who sink narrow pits to the strata of meerschaum, and dig it out until the intruding water forces them to try another place. The manufacture of pipes and the carving is carried on principally at Vienna, and at Ruhla, in the Duchy of Saxe Coburg Gotha. The production amounts to the sum of $2,000,000 annually. Large quantities of artificial meerschaum are sold, equalling, in fact, one half of the whole production. This is made from the waste material of the carvings, which is ground boiled in linseed oil and alum, cast in moulds, and dried, in which state it can again be carved.

L. E. L.—Flirtation is not a crime, though carried to the extent which you describe, it is a serious fault. You say the lady would make somebody a good wife. How do you know that? Her being handsome and a flirt are not sufficient assurances. You evidently do not consider yourself the "somebody." Or, if you do, why ask our advice? As for the lady built upon the charming pattern of the lamb and the dove, and withal pretty, modest, quiet and dignified; it is a delightful picture you draw, but we fear the artist has not yet put in the shadows, or, at least, not so as to be visible to your eyes. Beware lest your lamb may yet, like a renowned character, "Roar you like a very lion." There is another point worthy of some consideration. You are quite undecided which of the two you will take. How do you know but both may be quite decided that they will not take you? As to your last point, of holding on to both, it is an excellent mode of getting neither. Decide which you like best, and then, if she has no more serious fault than an innocent fondness for gentlemen's company, or a dovelike disposition, go in and win—if you can.

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